

# The Metropolitan.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER III.—*The ceremony of the Coronation.—The first Solemn Benediction given by Pius IX.—The grand illumination of the city.—The alms distributed by the Pope on the occasion of his coronation.—The condition of affairs at his accession.—He commences reform in his own palace.—Instances of his charity and benevolence.*

ON the morning of his election Pius IX proceeded from the Quirinal to the Vatican, accompanied in his carriage by Cardinal Macchi, Subdean, and Cardinal Oppizoni, Archbishop of Cologne. During his progress, the people surrounded his carriage and greeted him in the most lively demonstrations of joy. At his entry into the chapel of Sixtus IV, he received the second veneration of the Cardinals. After this ceremony he was borne on the *sedia gestatoria*, or portable throne, to the Vatican Basilica, preceded by the Sacred College and the prelature, where the *Te Deum* was sung, and where according to custom he received the third veneration of the cardinals.

The coronation of the Holy Father is the first important event in the history of his pontificate. This imposing ceremony took place on the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the fifth day after his election, in the great church of St. Peter. On the morning of the 21st of June, Pius IX repaired to the Vatican Basilica preceded by a magnificent cortege. Arrived at the portico of the basilica, he was greeted by the choir in the ancient anthem, *Tu es Petrus*, while the bells of the city rung in token of rejoicing, mingling their shrill notes with the majestic peals which issued from the cannon of the castle of St. Angelo.

Having entered the church by the great brazen gate, the Holy Father stopped before the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, descended from his throne, and prostrated himself before the prie-dieu, in order to adore the Body of our Lord exposed upon the altar. Again ascending the *sedia*, he proceeded to the chapel of St. Gregory, where he a second time prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament. After this the Holy Father prepared to celebrate the holy sacrifice of Mass.

To enter into detail on the subject of the numerous and impressive ceremonies which take place at the coronation of the Pope, would no doubt prove inter-

esting, but this would too far exceed our limits. We must confine ourselves to a few of the most striking.

Immediately preceding the holy sacrifice, a procession is formed and moves towards the grand altar. During this procession, as in the olden days of Roman greatness, a man followed the triumphal chariot of the conqueror, in order to remind the victorious Cæsar of the nothingness of all human things by repeating continually in his ear, "Remember thou art a man;" so also at the coronation of the Pope, a master of ceremonies carries a cushion partly open and stuffed with tow; another official carries a silver rod, at the top of which there is a handful of tow, and three times, viz. first on leaving the chapel of St. Gregory,\* again, on passing before the statue of St. Peter, and lastly, at the altar of SS. Processus and Martinian, he stands before the Pope; a clerk of the chapel sets fire to the tow, and while it burns, the master of ceremonies repeats in a loud voice: "Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi;" "Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world."

At the end of the *Gloria*, during the holy sacrifice, the Cardinal Deacon bearing the insignia of office, accompanied by the Auditors of the Ricolta and the Consistorial Advocates, descended to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, and from this subterranean chapel they three times chanted the "Exaudi Christe," "Graciously hear us, O Christ!" to which the choir responded, "Domino nostro, Pio Nono à Deo decreto summo Pontifici et universali Papae," "To our father, Pius the Ninth, appointed by God, life."

Then follows the litanies of the coronation, the origin of which is said to be traced back to the early ages of Christianity. At the conclusion of the Mass, the procession was re-formed and proceeded down the vast nave of the church to the portico, and thence to the *loggia* which overlooks the great square of St. Peter's. The magnificence of the scene here presented is beyond description. The houses around the immense colonnade were decked with hangings and draperies of a thousand colors, while the windows were embellished with flowers of every hue. The vast square was filled by an immense concourse of persons of all ranks and conditions of life. Princes and nobles stood by the side of the peasants and laborers. The rich and the poor mingled in the same throng; distinctions, rank, every thing was forgotten; one only thought absorbed the minds of all—Pius IX!

Upon the elevated *loggia* is seen the noble form of the Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded by a brilliant court, and seated on a throne of the most exquisite beauty. After the chanters had finished the chant and the responses, the Cardinal Dean, approaching the Holy Father and kneeling before him, recited the following prayer:

"God, eternal and all-powerful, dignity of the priesthood and the author of royalty, grant thy grace to thy servant Pius, our Pontiff, to govern thy church with fruit; that being constituted and crowned by thy mercy, Father of Kings and Guide of All in the faith, all things may be governed in a becoming manner by thy assisting providence: through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

At this moment the second Cardinal Deacon took off the mitre from the head of the Pontiff, and the first Cardinal Deacon, Archbishop of Naples, to whom belonged the right of crowning the Pope, placed the tiara on his head, repeating at the same time the following words:

"Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns, and know that thou art the

father of princes and the ruler of kings, and that thou art upon earth the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory forever. Amen."

After receiving the tiara, the Holy Father in a solemn and impressive voice pronounced the following prayer:

"May the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we place our confidence, intercede for us with our Lord. Through the prayers of the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin; of blessed Michael, the archangel; and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul; and of all the Saints, may the Almighty God have mercy on you, and all your sins being forgiven, may Jesus Christ conduct you to life. Amen." This was followed by a short absolution.

At this moment the *sedia* is advanced towards the people, who from the vast area below, contemplated with the utmost enthusiasm, their newly-crowned sovereign; and while the air rang with their acclamations, Pius IX, in all the majesty of his supreme power, standing on his throne, and wearing the triple crown upon his head, prepares to pronounce upon them a solemn blessing. He raises his eyes to heaven, as if to beseech almighty God to sanctify the benediction which he is about to bestow. He stretches forth his arms, as if to receive all his children in a single embrace. Three times he traces in the air the sacred sign of our redemption, while each time these solemn words, as if from heaven, broke the death-like silence which rested upon the vast multitude before him:

"May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you, and remain with you forever. Amen."

Thrice repeated, the *Amen* resounded as if it were a single voice issuing from the heart of the vast multitude, which bent beneath the hand of the Sovereign Pontiff. This was echoed by the bells of the basilica, and made to reverberate by the cannon of St. Angelo's over the seven hills of the Eternal City.

The Pope then left the *loggia* and returned to the church preceded by the cardinals and others who had taken part in the coronation. From the sacred edifice the Holy Father repaired to the hall of preparation, where the Cardinal Dean congratulated him in the name of the Sacred College, expressing to him the wishes and prayers of all that his life and reign might be prolonged *ad multos annos*. Pius IX thanked the representative of the Sacred College, and implored the aid of their prayers in obtaining from heaven those graces so necessary in the discharge of the august duties which had devolved upon him. Then preceded by the papal cross, he returned to his palace amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

The appearance of Rome on this memorable day was that of universal festivity. Joy beamed in every countenance. All seemed to unite in the single thought of hope and happiness. In the evening the church of St. Peter shone in a glorious halo of illumination: the brilliancy emanating from the illuminated palaces of the princes, cardinals, ambassadors, and functionaries of every order; the gleam of a thousand bonfires replaced the light of day, and the stars of heaven were eclipsed by the gigantic fireworks displayed from the Castle of St. Angelo.

The heart of the Sovereign Pontiff was deeply moved by these scenes of popular rejoicing, and hastened to requite the demonstrations of affection and filial devotion on the part of his people by acts of benevolence and charity. Besides the pontifical alms consisting of a *paol*, to every poor person in Rome, he appropriated fifty-three dowries of fifty Roman crowns each, for each parish

in the city of Rome, and a thousand dowries of ten crowns each, to be divided among other provinces. Moreover, he caused to be restored gratuitously all the pledges below fifty *bajocchi*, which had been made during the three months preceding his election. Indeed, the sole temporal thought of Pius IX, on his elevation to the throne, was the happiness of his subjects. His people, after God, were the object dearest to his heart.

Though the Holy Father was fondly attached to his own family, yet he resolved from the first day of his elevation not to permit his natural affection to interfere with his duty, or to have any weight in the distribution of favors. To his nephew, a young officer in the army, he said a few days after his election :

"My friend, you can, and must at all times, reckon on my attachment and friendship, but as for particular preference never expect it. Undeceive yourself, my child, if you expect any advancement through favor. I am your uncle ; but I am the father of your comrades. Thus, then, promotion shall never be granted except to true merit. Rewards belong to the deserving."

Noble words, and worthy the head of the Christian world. Happy for mankind if all those who are in the exercise of power would imitate the example of Pius IX, and make merit and ability to discharge its duties the only qualifications for office.

Never did a sovereign ascend a throne with a heart more full of affection for his people, and with more fervent desire of contributing to their happiness and welfare, than Pius IX ; but we may add, that few sovereigns ever entered on the path of duty with so many embarrassments and difficulties as those which beset the commencement of his reign. The papal treasury was exhausted ; great disorders reigned in almost every branch of the administration. Contempt of authority and remissness of duty prevailed in every department of the government. This state of things is not, however, to be attributed to any dereliction of duty on the part of the illustrious pontiff Gregory XVI. That good pope, from the moment that he ascended the chair of St. Peter, was animated with the best intentions ; but in times of difficulty and disorder, such as beset his whole reign, good intentions are powerless in the promotion of good or the repression of evil. During the latter part of his reign especially, his hands, weakened by age, were unequal to the task of directing the affairs of government, and he was compelled by a species of necessity to tolerate what he had not the power to redress. Pius IX, thoroughly acquainted with the existing disorders of the government, and conversant with the interests and the wants of the State, resolved from the first hour of his pontificate to use the power intrusted to him, to remedy these evils, and put an end to abuses.

But before laying the hatchet at the root of the manifold disorders which gathered around his throne, he began the reform of his own household. Sixty horses were found in the pontifical stables at the time of his accession. "It is too many, by one half," he said ; and immediately ordered thirty of them to be sold, and the proceeds to be distributed to the poor of Rome. He reduced the number of his suite, and the employes about him to the limits of strict necessity. Immense sums had been expended in the cultivation of the pontifical gardens ; these he modified. "I am a poor priest of Jesus Christ," said he to his procurator : "I am not a Lucullus ; take care that for the future to serve me as a poor priest." From that time three dishes and some common wine completed the bill of fare of his dinners.



ne evening shortly after his elevation, having spent a long time in conversation with Cardinal Gizzi, upon the propriety of making certain reforms, he called for a glass of lemonade. His footman in waiting immediately ordered in two magnificent pieces of plate in silver gilt laden with refreshments of every kind.

"I asked only for a glass of lemonade," said the Sovereign Pontiff, guided by a motive of economy.

"True, your Holiness;" was the answer; "but it is our duty to conform to the prescribed ceremonial, and to offer you according to custom these various refreshments."

"Very well," replied the Pope: "now you will be kind enough to bring me a lemon, with some sugar and a glass of water," which were immediately brought. Then with his own hands squeezing the lemon into the water, he added: "Take away this: distribute the refreshments which it contains to the first poor persons you meet with in the square of Monte Cavillo; give each of them a bajocchi; and for the future give me nothing but what I ask for."

While the strictest economy reigned in his own palace the Holy Father was profusely liberal in his dealings with others. One day a deputation from the Jews presented itself at the Quirinal, and in behalf of their brethren presented him with an antique chalice, a master-piece of art, which for two centuries had been jealously preserved in the *Ghetto*, a quarter of Rome inhabited almost exclusively by the followers of the Mosaic law. "It is well, my children," said the Pope, with great affability. "I accept it with great pleasure, and thank you for it. How many crowns might it be worth? I speak not of its value as an object of art, for in that respect it is inestimable."

"It weighs five hundred crowns," replied the chief of the deputation.

Pius IX rapidly traced these words on a piece of paper, and affixed his signature to it; and then presented it to the Jewish delegates, saying:

"This is good for a thousand crowns. Accept now, in your turn, this small sum, and divide it among the poor families of the *Ghetto*."

Humane and charitable to all, he made no distinction in the distribution of his favors, or in his acts of benevolence. It happened on a certain occasion shortly after his coronation, that he was passing with a small retinue through that portion of the city which lies beyond the Tyber, when he observed a numerous crowd gathered round an old man, who, stretched upon the pavement, was writhing in the convulsions of a terrible fit: drawing near, he inquired why the sufferer was not assisted. "It is a Jew," answered one of the bystanders. "It is a man," replied the Pope, making his way through the crowd, "it is a man in suffering, and we must assist him." Then lifting him with his own hands, he caused him to be put into his carriage and conveyed to his home in the *Ghetto*. The same day the Pope sent his own physician to visit him, and the day following, one of his chamberlains to inquire how he was.

It was by acts like these that Pius IX endeared himself to the poor and the afflicted, who have always looked to him as their father and friend. Following the dictates of his own kind and benevolent heart, his first thoughts after his elevation were to relieve the sufferings and affliction of his subjects. At the time of his election, the prisons of Rome contained many individuals who had been incarcerated for political offences. From the first, he determined to grant a general pardon to all those who were confined for mere *political* offences

against the government of his predecessor. Before this could be accomplished, several special pardons were conferred, and among them the following, which was mentioned by the public journals at the time.

In one of the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo there was an unfortunate victim, who for a political offence had languished for twenty-two years. One evening shortly after the elevation of Pius IX, while listening to the popular clamor which resounded through the city, the door of his prison opened, and a priest entered, and approached him with a look of benevolence. At the sight of his visitor, the prisoner was startled, and gazed upon him for some moments with mingled feelings of reverence and surprise. His reverie, however, was soon broken by the following words spoken in the most kind and gentle tones:

"My dear friend, I come to bring you news of your mother."

"My mother!" responded the prisoner, and he grew silent, as if unable to utter another word. At the sound of that sweet name his knees trembled beneath him, and he raised his hand to his brow and added:

"My mother! speak to me of her; tell me I shall meet her in heaven, for she is dead to me, at least on earth."

"She still lives; she has sent me to bless you, and give you hopes of a happier future."

"Bless me, then, father!" and throwing himself at the feet of the minister of God, he bent his pale brow beneath the hand which was lifted up to bless him, and heard with a throbbing heart the following words:

"I bless thee in the name of the God of mercy, who pardons the wicked and justifies the innocent; I bless thee in the name of thy mother!"

Rising from his knees the prisoner then related to his visitor the sad story of his long captivity: "You should have written to the Pope, and have asked the interposition of his clemency."

"I have done so, my father; but no doubt my letters never reached him."

"Do so again, my son."

"But my letters will be intercepted before they reach Gregory XVI."

"Gregory XVI is dead; and his place is occupied by Pius IX. Write then to his successor: I will undertake to deliver it."

"But I have neither pen, nor ink, nor paper; moreover I have forgotten how to write during the long years of my captivity."

"Then, my son, dictate to me; I will write for you," replied the priest, at the same taking a pencil and paper from his pocket. The prisoner after reflecting a moment, dictated as follows:

"MOST HOLY FATHER!

"In despair, I was blaspheming, when one of your ministers came to teach me how to bless your name. For twenty-two years I have suffered in a dungeon of the Castle of St. Angelo. For twenty-two years I have awaited the hour of justice, or of deliverance. If I am guilty, let them grant me death; if I am innocent, let me be restored to the love of my mother and to liberty.

"GAETANO."

"It is well," said the priest; "the Pope shall read this letter before evening. Trust in God; pray for Pius IX, and hope."

At this moment he was interrupted by the entrance of the turn-key, who, under pretence that the "chaplain" had violated the rules by remaining too long in the prison, very abruptly directed him to withdraw. The priest after

remonstrating without effect, left the dungeon and went to the office of the governor of the castle, and demanded the liberation of Gaetano.

"Do you not know, sir, that the Pope alone has the power of granting pardon to the prisoner?"

"Yes; but it is in the name of the Pope that I ask it."

"Where is your authority?" inquired the governor.

"Here," replied the priest, taking a pen and writing quickly as follows:

"Contrary to former instructions, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will instantly open the gates of said Castle to the prisoner, Gaetano: the sentinels of the castle will instantly salute the liberated prisoner."

Twenty-two years before, a young man seventeen years of age, accused of conspiracy and sentenced to death, was moving slowly to the place of execution. A young priest who was passing by, was much affected by the sight of one so young about to undergo so ignominious a death; and calculating the time he found that four hours must yet intervene before the execution. He ran to the Vatican, and entreated the Pope so earnestly that he spared the life of the condemned, and commuted his sentence to perpetual imprisonment. How strange, how mysterious are the ways of Providence! That young man was *Gaetano*; that young priest was the successor of Gregory XVI,—Pius IX!

*Gaetano* with tears of joy rushed from the prison to the fond embraces of his mother, and then to the Quirinal to throw himself at the feet of the Pope, to thank him for his paternal kindness, and to ask the name of the priest to whose kind interposition he was indebted for his liberty.

The pontiff replied with a benevolent smile: "That priest was Pius IX!"

M.

To be continued.

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,  
As homeward he carried his lost one again:  
I marvell'd how gently his burden he bore,  
And as he pass'd by me I knelt to adore.

Oh, Shepherd, Good Shepherd, thy wounds they are deep,  
The wolves have sore hurt thee in saving thy sheep;  
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,  
And what is this rent they have made in thy side?

Ah me, how the thorns have entangled thy hair,  
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!  
How feebly thou drawest thy faltering breath,  
And lo, on thy face is the paleness of death!

Oh, Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me  
Such grievous affliction hath fallen on thee?  
Oh, then let me strive, for the love thou hast borne,  
To give thee no longer occasion to mourn.

## LAFAYETTE AND PROFESSOR MORSE.

NEARLY four years have elapsed since the close of a controversy between Prof. Morse and Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, on the question whether Lafayette was the author of the motto: "IF EVER THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES BE DESTROYED, IT WILL BE BY ROMISH PRIESTS." The controversy was extensively published in the secular newspapers at the time, and many of them conducted by Protestants—as the Buffalo Democracy and the South Side Democrat—awarded the victory to the Bishop, who at any rate had the last word. As the Professor has kept a studied silence for so long a period, we presume that it is his intention "forever to hold his peace" on this subject. We may be allowed to hope that he has learned from the discussion a lesson of proper reserve, whenever in future he may be tempted to go out of his way to assail the character of his neighbors.

It is really of little consequence whether Lafayette ever used the words of the motto ascribed to him or not. For, as the Bishop put the argument in the shape of a dilemma: "Either Lafayette was a Catholic, or he was an infidel;—he certainly was not a Protestant. If a Catholic, he could not have originated the motto ascribed to him by Morse without being a hypocrite;—which no American will venture to assert. If an infidel, then his testimony against Catholics has no more weight than that of Voltaire and Tom Paine, and in this case like them, he may have meant, and he probably did mean, by *priests*, the ministers of all Christian denominations. Whichever horn of the dilemma our adversaries may choose to select, the Catholic Church still remains unscathed."

Still good results have grown out of a discussion, the subject of which was in itself comparatively unimportant. The famous motto, which used to glare in fiery capitals from the heads of newspapers, pamphlets and no-popery diatribes and books, has since entirely disappeared from this department of our ephemeral *literature*. This significant fact plainly shows the verdict of public opinion on the issue of the controversy. In this connection we may as well mention an incident which was related to us, and which is to the point. During the first fervor of Know-Nothingism in Kentucky, a Protestant preacher whose zeal, like that of many among his brethren, prompted him to combine the labors of the political rostrum with those of the pulpit, was issuing a publication teeming with the ordinary stale calumnies against the Catholics, with a view to their political disfranchisement in public opinion, if not in law. He had written a flaming preface to the volume, based upon this very motto which stood on the title-page; but on his return from a missionary excursion, he perused a portion of the controversy which was then going on between the Bishop and the Professor, and he was so struck by the turn which the affair had taken that he rushed in hot haste to the printing office, and suppressed both motto and preface which were already in type, and wrote a new one in which no allusion whatever was made to the motto! This was decidedly complimentary to Professor Morse.

The result of the controversy will also probably teach the bitter assailants of the Catholic Church to keep within some decent bounds in their future publications of "awful disclosures;"—that is, if such men can ever be taught any

lesson of prudence or honesty. Few public men, who have any reputation at stake, will like to be placed in the awkward position of Professor Morse, who now stands convicted before the American public of having originated, or at least given currency to a base slander against his Catholic fellow citizens, without any decent pretext—much less any solid foundation—for his injurious statement. His calumny was but one of a numerous class; and the minor luminaries as well as the drivelling “no-popery” fanatics of the day may possibly profit by his fate.

It is not then so much that we attach any particular importance to the matter of fact discussed, as because we believe that good may be done by preserving the main points of the case for future reference, that we have determined to furnish a brief account of the circumstances which gave rise to the controversy, as well as a condensed summary of the arguments alleged on both sides. At one time it was, we were told, the intention of a house in New York to republish the whole discussion, and probably under the supervision of the Professor; but, with the exception of one or two of his letters which appeared separately in tract form, the intention was abandoned, for what reason the public will not be at a loss to divine. The discussion was somewhat spirited and spicy on both sides, with this difference, however, that the Bishop’s humor appeared genuine, as from one who could afford to laugh, whereas that of the Professor was sardonic, and as became a Calvinist of the straightest sect, *dismal*, as if it came from one who feared to compromise his dignity or spoil the rigid lines of his face by a smile; which to be natural must well up from an easy conscience. Probably the difference may be explained by the Italian proverb: “*chi gagna ride*—he that winneth may laugh.”

The controversy was forced on the Bishop. Several attempts had been previously made to drag him into a religious discussion in the political newspapers, which he declined, chiefly on the ground that the secular press was no suitable medium for discussing topics so sacred, especially at a time when the public mind was so highly excited, and when the object of his assailants was evidently to fan the flame of popular passion, and thus to make, if possible, capital for Know-Nothingism. At length, the particular Protestant preacher who had thus sought notoriety, goaded by the dignified silence and neglect of the Bishop, took to himself two others “worse than himself,” and conjointly with them made a virulent personal assault upon the prelate, accusing him of no less a crime than *lying* and forgery! The grave charge was based upon the fact, that, the Bishop, in the Introductory Address to his “Miscellanea” lately published, had quoted from “the Cincinnati Enquirer and other journals” an extract from a letter said to have been written by Lafayette to a gentleman in New York, in which the French patriot distinctly denies ever having used the words of the motto, or any thing like them. In reply, the Bishop felt called on to state—not to his Reverend assailants—but “*to the Public*,” that he had quoted from the papers aforesaid, giving his authority at the time in a foot-note, and that whatever else might be said against him in the premises, the charge of forgery under the circumstances had certainly no shadow of foundation. He appended to his Card the article in full from the “Cincinnati Enquirer,” and to the abusive revilings of his Reverend adversaries he replied as follows:

“When a writer furnishes his authorities as he proceeds, their value may be sifted and estimated according to each reader’s judgment or taste; but it is mani-

festly in accordance with no canon of sound or just criticism, and is, in fact, simply absurd, to denounce the author with such elegant and refined phrases and words as 'most high-handed and daring attempt to falsify history,' 'villainy,' 'mendacity,' 'literary forger,' 'liar,' &c. My authority was that of respectable political journals; and I cheerfully hand over these choice epithets—which I have been wholly unable to find in any vocabulary of Christianity or even of Christian politeness—to those Protestant editors who gave credence and currency to the letter of Lafayette long before I published it in the *Miscellanea*."

The Bishop did not endorse the genuineness of the letter in question, leaving this matter to be settled between his assailants and the Editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer; much less had he ever seen or even heard of the French book from which the Editors professed to have taken the extract. He simply waived the matter; and in the second edition of the *Miscellanea* then going through the press, he so modified the passage as to imply a doubt of the genuineness of the letter, and to leave it on its own merits for whatever it might be worth. Before we dismiss this incident to the controversy, we may, however, state that the Editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer some time afterwards fully confirmed their previous statement and challenged Prof. Morse to appear before an impartial Committee, before whom they solemnly pledged themselves to produce the book in question;—a challenge which Morse and his Western friends very prudently declined accepting. We give here the Editorial article from the Enquirer, as a part of the *res gesta*, and because it fully vindicates the Bishop:

"THE LETTER OF LAFAYETTE—THE MORSE AND BISHOP SPALDING CONTROVERSY.—It will be recollected there appeared last fall in the columns of the *Enquirer*, over the signature of 'Old Line,' an exposure of a stupendous fraud which the Know-Nothing press had been guilty of, in palming off on Lafayette a sentiment he never uttered. The expression they attributed to him—'If ever the liberties of the country are destroyed, it will be by Romish priests'—was dug out of a letter in which he quoted it but to refute it! The original letter was quoted by the Democratic press all over the Union, and was inserted, due credit being given to us, by Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, in a certain work which he published. Prof. Morse, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., upon whose authority the original statement was made, finding himself in an unpleasant position, commenced a controversy with Bishop Spalding in relation to the genuineness of our correspondent's letter. He asserts that no such book as the letter is quoted from is in existence, and that 'Old Line' himself is one of those dreaded persons called 'Jesuits.' Now we assure Prof. Morse and all interested in the controversy, that 'Old Line' is a Protestant gentleman, 'staunch in the faith,' by no means a bitter partisan, and that he can prove every statement he made to be correct. His veracity we believe to be as good as Morse's; and if the latter will come to this city and risk anything on an impeachment of it, the book will be produced before a committee selected by the parties. There is no doubt whatever that Prof. Morse is all wrong in the matter, or that those who are quoting Lafayette upon his authority are grossly deceived. We assure the public that it can place the most implicit confidence in the *Enquirer's* communication regarding the Lafayette forgery."

The course thus adopted by the Bishop of placing the responsibility in the right quarter was manifestly too fair to be acceptable to his three Reverend assailants. They accordingly prudently retired behind the scenes, and set on the Bishop an obscure and violent pedagogue, whom the prelate did not, of course, notice. Determined at all hazards to have a controversy in the newspapers, they induced Professor Morse to enter the field, pretending that the Bishop had assailed his character for veracity in denying that Lafayette was the author of the motto! As the Professor was a man of some standing in the community, and as the motto was said to have originated with him, the Bishop did not feel at liberty to decline the discussion; especially as it promised to elicit something in the way of evidence as to the real origin of the motto, and the "evidence" on which it professed to rest.

These are the circumstances which led to the discussion; and we propose now to furnish a brief summary of the evidence produced on both sides. We are entirely willing to abide the verdict of an impartial public, after this condensed statement of the case. The relative position of the disputants was simply this: the Bishop denied, the Professor maintained the truth and genuineness of the motto; the Bishop being willing entirely to waive the authority of the alleged letter published in the Cincinnati Enquirer, and to rest the discussion on other evidence. The burden of proof thus clearly rested on Prof. Morse; and we will accordingly first show what evidence he produced in its support, and then give the answers of the Bishop, and the counter evidence alleged by him. We will endeavor to do both fairly, and as far as possible in the very words of the distinguished disputants.

I.—When called on by his Louisville friends, and when subsequently closely cross-examined by the Bishop, the Professor gave the following arguments to show that Lafayette was the author of the motto:

1. The evidence of an *anonymous* writer, whose name the Professor did not choose to divulge, though called on to do so. Says the Professor: "But to the phrase which has aroused the indignant anathemas of Bishop Spalding. It has been much quoted for some years. It stands as a motto in the title-page of a work which I edited in 1837, entitled, 'Confessions of a French Catholic Priest.' They who quote the motto may have derived it from this source, or from Gen. Lafayette in some other way." Speaking of this nameless "French Catholic Priest," he adds: "The phrase in question, I have not the least doubt, he derived from Lafayette, directly or indirectly, for the sentiment of it is Lafayette's, as evinced not only in his intercourse with me, but in all the acts of his life."

2. This leads to his second reason: his own recollection of interviews held with the French General at Paris in 1831-2, a quarter of a century ago. After speaking of his confidential conversations in Italy with Mr. Money the British Consul General, who, *he says*, allowed him to copy "extracts from his (Money's) dispatches to his government (?)," which extracts he afterwards exhibited to Lafayette in Paris, he gives the following account of his interviews with the French Marquis:

"Hence, as a matter of course, our conversations were on the perfidy of priestly power, and its utter inconsistency with republicanism. I related to him the causes of my suspicions of a Papal crusade in the United States, and my belief that it covered political designs. It was then he denounced in the severest terms the conduct of the papal government (in suppressing the rebellion at Bologna in 1831), and condemned its anti-republican hostility. I was more than a year in Paris, and very regularly for many months saw General Lafayette once a week, and sometimes much oftener, at the house of our distinguished countryman, Cooper, being on the Polish Committee with him. . . . I cannot at this distance of time, of course, remember the identical words, but never did he manifest a doubt of the essential antagonism of the maxims and principles of the Papacy and those of republicanism, nor any doubt, if the Papacy were triumphant, republicanism was at an end. I may here say in general terms that the impression left on my mind from the intimate intercourse I had with him while I resided in Paris, is, that although courteously and respectfully submitting on occasions deemed necessary to the ceremonial of the Papal Church, then as now the dominant church in France, such as on marriage and funeral occasions, he thoroughly understood and repudiated the Papal system, as in its very nature anti-republican.\*"

\* Letter of March 19, 1855.



3. In his preface to the "Confessions of a French Catholic Priest," issued in October, 1836,\* he had written as follows in regard to the verity of the motto, confirming his statement by referring to a letter which he says the French General wrote him to Havre :

"It may not be amiss to state that the declaration of Lafayette, in the motto in question, was repeated by him to more than one American. The very last interview which I had with Lafayette, on the morning of my departure from Paris, full of his usual concern for America, he made the same warning; and in a letter which I received from him but a few days after at Havre, he alluded to the whole subject, with the hope expressed that I would make known the real state of things in Europe to my countrymen; at the same time charging it upon me as a sacred duty, as an American, to acquaint them with the fears which were entertained by the friends of republican liberty in regard to our country. If I have labored with any success to arouse the attention of my countrymen to the dangers foreseen by Lafayette, I owe it in a great degree to having acted in conformity to his oft repeated injunctions."

*"New York University, October, 1836.*

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE."

4. When pressed by the Bishop to confirm his statement by the testimony of some one of those several "Americans" to whom Lafayette had said the same thing, he at length brought forward the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt, of the Dutch Reformed Church, New York, who though in his eightieth year, had "a vivid and distinct recollection" of the very words of an interview held with Lafayette twenty years previously. Here is his testimony, over which the Professor exults as conclusive :

"Of the conversations at both interviews my recollection is vivid and distinct. . . . On my next interview and conversation with Lafayette," says the venerable Dr. Vanpelt, "after his visit and return from Boston, he said to me: 'My dear friend, I must tell you something that occurred when I was in Boston. I received a polite invitation from the chief Catholic Priest or Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Boston to attend his church on the Sabbath. I wrote him one apology, saying, as I never expect to be in Boston again, and as during the Revolution when in Boston, I worshipped sitting by the side of his Excellency General Washington, and as I see that the church and the pews are the same, except as they are decorated with paint, I wish to occupy the same seat in that church on the Sabbath. He took it in great dudgeon, that I did not attend his church. But I could not help that. I follow my inclination. Now, my friend, I must tell you, that I was brought up in France a Roman Catholic, and believed that the Roman Catholic Church was the only true and Mother Church, till I came to this country, where I see his Excellency General Washington, and the officers of the American army of different religion, worshipping in different churches. My eyes were opened. I see men can be of different religion, and worship in different churches, and yet be good Christians;' then saying: 'It is my opinion that, if ever the liberties of this country—the United States of America—are destroyed, it will be by the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Jesuit Priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty. They have instigated most of the wars in Europe.' He further said: 'I wish my country, France, had such a government and national liberty as you have in this country.' To which I replied, as my opinion, that neither France nor any other country could have national liberty without the free circulation and knowledge of the Bible. To which he gave ready and cordial assent."

5. The Professor after having, as he says, sought out diligently in New York a military officer to whom, as he had learned, Lafayette had used the words of the motto twenty years ago, but who either could not be found, or more probably would not testify to suit his purpose, he succeeded at last in finding another living American witness in the person of one *J. W. Palmer* of Richmond, Va., who testifies that Lafayette said something similar to the motto at a dinner party in 1824.

6. His sixth argument to establish the truth of the motto may be classed under the head—*miscellaneous*, and it consists 1st, in bitter tirades against the Catho-

\* The Professor probably mistook when he says above, 1837.

lic Church, which he loves to describe as "a corporation," most wicked and despotic in its character and working; secretly and openly countenancing fraud, equivocation, and downright mendacity; and 2dly, in extracts from Lafayette's published speeches and letters, which prove that he was opposed to a union of Church and State, that he did not wish the clergy to wield political power, and that he was an ardent champion of civil and religious liberty. All this and much more of the same kind the Professor considers a triumphant evidence that Lafayette was the author of the motto in question!

II.—These are all the proofs, pretty fully and we believe fairly given, which Prof. Morse, after much research and a rigid cross-examination, has been able to produce to establish his position, that the French General really uttered the opinion contained in the motto. We will now present a summary of the Bishop's answers, following the order above presented. The public will thus be enabled to examine both sides of the discussion.

1. The authority of the anonymous French apostate priest, whose "Confessions" Professor Morse edited in 1836, is utterly worthless; for he is nameless, and he belongs, no doubt, to a class of unscrupulous renegades whose testimony no sensible or impartial man would receive for a moment, on any point in which their interest would be promoted by stating what is not true. The Bishop thus vigorously dissects and disposes of his testimony:

"Would such evidence be received in any court of justice in the world, even to establish the source from which the French priests derived his statement? Professor Morse '*has not the least doubt*'—not he—that the priest derived it from Lafayette, '*DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY!*' *Risum teneatis!* But who is this French priest? Is he a reality, or is he a myth? If a reality, he is certainly nameless, and an *apostate* besides! His testimony against his old co-religionists is worth about as much as would be that of one *Benedict Arnold* against the patriots of our glorious revolution, or of one *Judas Iscariot* against Christ and His apostles; and his book was no doubt a suitable companion to its *beautiful* cotemporary—'*Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures*,'—it was about as truthful, as well as profitable—to the publishers!"

And again:

"The public would be greatly enlightened as to the value of this testimony if the Professor would candidly state how *profitable* was the speculation, and what portion of the proceeds fell to the share of the apostate priest? Did it realize as much as the *Maria Monk* adventure (a cotemporary publication of similar spirit and *weight*), and were there any unseemly squabbles about the division of the proceeds, as was the case among the Reverend preachers who brought out the *Awful Disclosures*, and more recently in regard to that of *Miss Bunkley*."

2. To the argument based upon the vague recollection by the Professor of interviews held with Lafayette a quarter of a century ago, the Bishop replies, by showing first how very fallacious such recollections generally are, and secondly that, according to Morse's own statements, they were exceedingly shadowy, indefinite, wholly unsatisfactory, and really amounted to nothing in the way of evidence. Every one knows how easily even an honest and impartial man may be mistaken in regard to what was said in conversations held many years previously, and a *fortiore* how next to impossible it is for a man so thoroughly bigoted and narrow-minded in his prejudices, as Morse *proves* himself to be, to be fair, or even ordinarily just in such cases. The recollections will be almost sure to take the hue of the narrator's own prejudices, especially when as, in the present case, the conversations regarded not plain facts palpable to the senses, but political or religious opinions. In no court of justice in Christendom would such evidence be received as entitled to weight. But this testi-

mony of the Professor bears moreover strong intrinsic marks of being utterly worthless, and of having been, in fact, gotten up for the occasion. For, as the Bishop says,

"He acknowledges that he first broached the subject to Lafayette, by stating his apprehensions of danger to the United States from 'Romish priests,' and that it was his 'impression' that the French patriot concurred with him in opinion. Now every one who knows any thing of the politeness which characterizes the polished French gentleman, will perceive at once that this pretended acquiescence of Lafayette in an opinion so extravagant really amounts to nothing. A polite and well educated Frenchman may believe you a simpleton, or an absurd fanatic, but he is too well bred to tell you so. The Professor alleges his interviews and his long intimacy with Lafayette in 1831-2; and though he acknowledges that he 'cannot remember the identical words,' yet he publishes to the world those identical words!"

All this looks sufficiently suspicious; but there is yet another circumstance connected with the matter which is still more so, and which greatly weakens, if it does not wholly destroy, the value of his testimony. His statement was made only in October, 1836, whereas Lafayette had died May 20, 1834—*two years and five months previously!* Why this long delay, if Lafayette had it so much at heart—as the Professor declares—that Americans should be warned of their imminent danger from 'Romish Priests'? Did he communicate with the patriot's long departed spirit by a species of spirit-rapping, or did he trust to a vague recollection of mere conversations held several years previously? Or did he wait *prudently*, until the Catholic hero was already long dead, that he might incur less risk of contradiction? What hypothesis will you adopt to explain this strange delay? Finally, the statement of Professor Morse, besides bearing the marks of the greatest intrinsic improbability, bordering on moral impossibility, was published at a time when the Maria Monk excitement was at its height in New York, and when it was fashionable to receive, without much questioning, any statement, no matter how improbable, that might affect injuriously the Catholic Church or its members. The temporary success of the glaring Maria Monk impostures—sustained as they were by such reverend ministers of God as Brownlee, Bourne, Slocum, Hoyt, and others, until the base fabrication was triumphantly exposed by Col. W. L. Stone, a distinguished Protestant editor of New York—is a sufficient illustration of this mischievous and prurient spirit of pious fraud and easy credulity."

But what is conclusive on the subject, and utterly fatal to the vague recollections of the Professor, is the fact brought out by the Bishop, that *at the very time* Morse says he was holding these intimate interviews with Lafayette, the French General made a speech in the French Chambers, in which he distinctly said precisely the contrary! This undoubted fact convicts Morse of deliberately bearing false witness, or else it convicts Lafayette of saying one thing in his private interviews with Morse, and another thing precisely the contrary publicly before the French Chambers. The American people whose gratitude naturally makes them respect Lafayette, may select whichever horn of the dilemma they prefer; there is clearly no alternative. The speech was delivered April 9, 1832, and is found in the "Memoirs, Correspondence, &c." of Lafayette, published in twelve volumes by his family, under the *imprimatur* of his favorite son George Washington Lafayette.\* The subject in debate was the motion to expel certain political refugees from France, including the English, or rather Irish, monks who were sojourning with the Trappists at Milleray. Lafayette warmly opposed the bill, and used this language:

"I know well that in the Report they have spoken of the expulsion of some Englishmen who had entered among the Trappists at Milleray, as a measure of good and wise administration. Such measures, gentlemen, are not among those which will merit my eulogy. Mistake not rigor for strength, nor despotism for

\* The Bishop had two copies of this work, one in twelve vols. 12mo., and the other in six vols. 8vo., the former published at Brussels, the latter in Paris.

power; then you will not have need of all these precautions, and the Trappists of Milleray will not be more dangerous for you, THAN ARE THE JESUITS OF GEORGETOWN TO THE UNITED STATES."

If, in the view of Lafayette, the Jesuits of Georgetown—the head-quarters of the Society in the United States—are not at all dangerous to the United States, then *a fortiori*, according to him and to the Protestant view, the "Romish Priests" generally certainly cannot be considered dangerous to the liberties of our prosperous republic. Here, then, is Lafayette in proper person openly asserting the contrary of the motto, and placing a stigma of execration on the vague reminiscences of the Professor, whose blind prejudices evidently got the better of his discretion. How does Morse answer this? The lameness of his reply is an additional evidence of his want of confidence in his own position. He says that Lafayette meant to say that both the Trappists and Jesuits were dangerous men, but that the former were not more dangerous than the latter! Such interpretation, making the French Marquis discourse arrant absurdity, needs no comment.

His Louisville friends had represented him as very aged, and almost tottering on the brink of the grave. We have since learned, however, that they were mistaken, and that in 1855, while the discussion was going on, he was a middle-aged gentleman. This supplies another intrinsic evidence of the utter worthlessness of his testimony; for how old was he when he pretends to have enjoyed that long intimacy with Lafayette; when he was on the Polish Committee with him, and when he was permitted to copy extracts from the confidential dispatches of British ministers to their government? He must have been *very young* at that time—too young entirely to have been made so much of,—and in the sanguine feelings of youth evidently greater in his own estimation, than in that of others, his seniors both in years and intelligence.

3. "In confirmation of his statement in regard to the alleged interviews with Lafayette, the Professor had referred, as we have seen above, to a letter written to him at Havre by the French general, in which 'the whole subject' of the warning contained in the motto was alluded to; and yet when repeatedly challenged to produce that letter, and to exhibit the original, he 'backed out' (to use his own phrase applied to the Bishop), expressing his unmitigated surprise that the Bishop had insisted on its production, as 'he had never pretended that the motto was in it!' If the Havre letter did not prove the motto, then why did the Professor allege it in proof?" True, he said subsequently, that the letter had been already published, and that many had seen the original; still he obstinately refused to republish it in connection with the controversy; which circumstance looked very suspicious, especially after he had referred to it so strongly, as establishing or confirming the truth of the motto in his preface to the Confessions of the nameless French apostate priest. The public have already drawn their own conclusion from the Professor's studied silence in regard to that same Havre letter, and the conclusion reached is in no way flattering to the man of telegraphs.

4. But what of the living American witnesses produced by Prof. Morse to establish the genuineness of the motto? Alas for him! Here was the saddest blunder of all. The aged octogenarian preacher, *Dr. Vanpelt*, we are quite sure, could never forgive the Professor for having dragged him before the public and made him expose himself so sadly. Never was there, perhaps, a more

striking example of memory entirely at fault, and "vividly and distinctly" remembering facts which never existed! But "we pity the sorrows of an old man." Here is the Bishop's commentary on his testimony given above:

"Next comes the remarkable testimony of Rev. Dr. Vanpelt, whom he vouches for as a genuine 'American witness' of the motto. He does not tell us what became of that distinguished 'military officer' whom he tried to run down. Did he fail to find him, or did the officer decline to testify? The public would like to know. But the Rev. Mr. Vanpelt is a host in himself; though eighty years old, his memory of every word uttered by Lafayette thirty years ago is marvellously 'vivid and distinct.' It must surely have been so if, as I apprehend is the case, he remembered so *distinctly* what never occurred! I know nothing of Mr. Vanpelt, and I respect his gray hairs too much to impeach his veracity. But I more than suspect that, with his strong prejudices against the Catholic Church, he, while looking back through the long vista of the past into the mirror of memory, saw his own face in the glass and mistook it for that of Lafayette! It is exceedingly easy to make such mistakes, and I suppose that Prof. Morse erred in a similar way. In referring to the age of his witness the Professor seems to adopt the theory that memory, like wine, improves with age! Now, with all due respect for Mr. Vanpelt, I beg to suggest that his testimony bears strong intrinsic evidence of having been gotten up for the occasion, and of reflecting more of his own prejudices than of the language of Lafayette. It in fact refutes itself, and makes Lafayette appear in an inconsistent, if not a ridiculous light. Only think of Lafayette not knowing whether it was the 'chief Catholic Priest' or 'the Bishop' of Boston who invited him! Only think of the remarkable reason involved in the pews being 'the same, except as they are decorated with paint!' Only think of Lafayette using the word *Sabbath* instead of *Sunday*—the name which those raised Catholics usually employ to designate the Lord's day! Only think of 'his eyes being opened' by seeing the multiplicity of conflicting sects in the United States! If any one can believe that Lafayette said all this, his organ of credulity must be marvelously developed. Poor Mr. Vanpelt was evidently studying his own features in the glass of memory!

But there is another circumstance which is fatal to Mr. Vanpelt's testimony. He makes Lafayette say that 'during the Revolution, when in Boston, he worshipped sitting by the side of his Excellency, General Washington.' Now what will an enlightened public think of this witness, and of his endorser, Prof. Morse, when it is known that Lafayette and Gen. Washington *were never at the same time in Boston*, and therefore could not by possibility have worshipped 'sitting side by side' in the same church! This fact I have on the highest historical authority; and if it be not a fact, Prof. Morse can hereby show when Washington and Lafayette worshipped together in a church in Boston during the Revolution. I had asked him for this information in my last letter; but he declined to answer this, as well as other hard questions, 'waiving them for the present!' Like the indolent school-boy, he appears to have a strong inclination to 'skip all hard places.' During each of the five or six visits that Lafayette paid to Boston up to 1784, General Washington was at a distant point; as can be easily shown from Sparks, and the various biographies of Washington. What, I ask, are we to think of a witness who thus manufactures leading facts to suit his purpose? I advise Prof. Morse to publish a new history of the U. States, the facts of which would consist of the 'vivid and distinct recollection' of living octogenarian witnesses, who would have that indispensable quality required by Punch in British generals—*be-eighty-tude*. The compilation would be an interesting historical volume, in which he might most appropriately insert the famous motto inscribed to Lafayette."

5. Nor is the testimony of *Mr. Palmer* of Richmond more weighty as evidence. It is based on an incident which is said to have occurred at a dinner party given to Lafayette at Richmond in 1824, on his last visit to this country. It is related as follows by Mr. Palmer in a letter to Prof. Morse:

"While at dinner, some sympathy was expressed by the family for 'poor old Madame G—,' who was quite ill and in much trouble on account of the absence of her Priest, who had been called or ordered to some other congregation, I think.

Gen. Lafayette, in a quiet, yet peculiar manner,—distinctly remembered by me,—said: '*Her loss is small and a blessing if she could know it; these Romish Priests are dangerous men, and will destroy the liberties of America if they can.*' These were his words as well as I can remember, lowly, yet emphatically expressed."







This story will not bear a moment's scrutiny. It is even more improbable than that of poor *Vanpelt*. It bears intrinsic marks of absurdity, and sufficiently refutes itself, without the following refutation by the Bishop:

"If Lafayette used this language under the circumstances, all I have to say is, that, instead of being the polite, gallant, accomplished French gentleman we all know him to have been, he was rude, heartless and brutal, as well as devoid of common sense—for how could the mere removal of a priest from one congregation to another affect the liberties of the country in one way or another? Would he not prove as dangerous in one congregation as in another? The story will not bear a moment's examination, and I leave it with confidence, just as I find it, to be judged by impartial public opinion. There must merely be some grievous mistake. Mr. Palmer says, 'I am no Romanist'—probably not: is he a Know Nothing?"

6. The circumstance that Professor Morse, instead of adhering to the plain question of fact, which alone was under discussion, felt it necessary to drag into the controversy so much extraneous and wholly irrelevant matter, looks itself very suspicious; for it betrayed a consciousness of his own want of faith in the evidence sustaining his position, and a consequent conviction of the need he had to appeal to vulgar prejudice and passion in support of his thesis. In no measured terms he abused the Catholic Church as a corporation based on systematic falsehood and legalized dissimulation, and wielding its power by heartless despotism! In this he greatly damaged his own cause, and succeeded only in showing that the Bishop was right in alleging that he was a very prejudiced, and therefore a wholly unreliable witness against any person or thing Catholic.

The blindness and intensity of his bigotry is surpassed only by the nimbleness of his logic. He leaps to conclusions with almost telegraphic speed! In the language of the poet:

"While others toil with philosophic force,  
His nimble logic takes a shorter course;  
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,  
And gains remote conclusions at a jump."

An amusing instance of this is "his jumping at the conclusion" that the motto is true, from the fact that Lafayette was well known to be in favor of civil and religious liberty! This was manifestly a *non sequitur* of the most transparent kind. But the Bishop exhibited its absurdity in a more striking light, by proving from the Memoirs of Lafayette that in the very Bill which he himself drew up for guaranteeing religious liberty in France, he made a distinct profession of the Catholic faith, and spoke of the small Protestant minority in France as persons "who had not the happiness to profess the Catholic religion;" as well as from his own declaration made at the time, that his Bill would probably "have failed, had it not been supported by the Bishop of Langres."\*

Lafayette was far from being a religious man. A soldier, a politician, and a revolutionist by profession, he bestowed but little attention, during the greater portion of his busy life, on the great and all-important subject of religion. At one time he was probably tinctured with the infidelity which, during his day, was so fashionable in France. But he had a devotedly attached and, it would appear, a very pious christian wife, at whose death-bed the great revolutionist was greatly moved and gave strong indications of relenting. To her he promised, at that solemn moment, that he would bestow more attention in future

\* See *Memoirs, Correspondence, &c.*, vol. ii, p. 178, 8vo. edition.

upon eternal interests, and would read attentively certain works which she recommended for his perusal. In one of his letters he speaks with great feeling of this solemn and affecting scene, and he shows that his faith in the Catholic Church was not extinct. When death approached, he enjoyed the ministrations of the Curate of the Assumption, as his physician Cloquet testifies—though his testimony is not explicit as to the dying patriot having received all the rites of the Church. One thing is certain, he was solemnly interred with all the ceremonial of the Catholic service, and a large number of priests walked in the funeral procession. The Bishop says:

"During his last visit to this country he attended the Catholic worship in the churches of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and probably elsewhere; and I have been informed that at Baltimore he excused himself to the sexton for not kneeling during the service on the ground that he had a stiff knee. No one has ever dreamed that he was a Protestant, except Professor Morse and poor Dr. Vanpelt, who so 'distinctly and vividly' recollected his conversion! All that my present purpose constrains me to mention is, that he was not a hypocrite; that he had not the meanness to pass for a Catholic in France—so far as he was a Christian at all—and then at the same time to speak and act in this country as a Protestant and as a hater of that Catholic priesthood whom he respected, and whose ministry he cheerfully employed in his family at home. This is my position, and neither Professor Morse nor his witnesses have shaken it in the least. From his Memoirs we learn that he espoused the cause of the faithful French clergy who had refused to take the iniquitous constitutional oath. Notwithstanding 'the great unpopularity' which was for a time attached to these devoted priests, the worship performed by them 'never ceased to be publicly practised by the family of Lafayette.' (Memoirs, vol. iii, p. 60, Paris edition.) This proves conclusively that he had no sympathy with any but duly recognised Catholic priests."

In this country, his character stands deservedly high in the mind and heart of a people justly grateful for his manifold services and sacrifices in achieving our independence. In Europe public opinion differs greatly in regard to the merits or demerits of his public life. Among the conservative and, we must add, the sounder if not better portion of Europeans, he is looked upon as having been the arch-revolutionist of France and of the world, and therefore as a man whose principles were dangerous to the stability of existing governments; while his name is lauded to the skies by revolutionists, republicans, radicals, and free-masons. Yet he was by no means a radical, much less a red-republican or Jacobin. His policy was revolutionary indeed, but conservative, to a great extent at least, both at the beginning of the first French revolution, and at the revolution of 1830. On both these memorable occasions, he played a prominent part, and in both he appeared to occupy a position intermediate between the red-republicans and the advocates of absolute or strong monarchy. The result was, that he was charged with being untrue to the interests of both; especially was his course denounced as not only vacillating, but even bordering on treachery towards the unfortunate Louis XVI.

But one thing is certain; he was not hypocrite enough to say one thing in France in regard to Catholic priests, and another thing precisely the contrary in America. This, with other points, is tersely set forth in the questions which the Bishop propounded three or four times in successive letters to Professor Morse, without obtaining an answer. As these unanswered questions allude to the gist of the whole discussion, we subjoin them:

"1. If the Professor was so long and so very intimate with Lafayette, and if he corresponded and was 'on the Polish Committee' with him, why is it that his name is never *once* mentioned in the twelve volumes of 'Memoirs, Correspondences, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette, published by his family?' (*Memoirs, Correspondence,*

*et Manuscrits du General Lafayette; publies par sa famille*, Brussels, 1837.) I have the work before me, and if the Professor's name occurs in it even *once*, the fact has wholly escaped my examination, and he, having the work, can easily correct me.

2. If Lafayette urged him so repeatedly and so earnestly, to give the warning contained in the motto to the American people, as early as 1831, why did he delay giving it till 1836 or 1837 (he gives both dates), *five or six years afterwards, and about three years after the death of the French patriot*? He alone can answer this question.

3. If this was really the sentiment of Lafayette, why is not the famous motto found in these twelve volumes, consisting in great part of his own writings? And why is no trace of it to be discovered in any of the published lives of the French patriot? Why especially does his physician, Cloquet, who was so intimately acquainted with his inmost thoughts, say nothing whatever on this subject in the elaborate work, in which he treats of the private life and conversations of the patriot? (See *Recollections of the Private Life of Gen. Lafayette*, by Jules Cloquet, 1 vol. 8vo., London, 1835.)

4. How does the Professor reconcile the two manifestly inconsistent facts of Lafayette's using the motto to American Protestants, and at the same time passing for a Catholic in France, praising the tender Catholic piety of his devoted wife, and wishing to be buried by her side? Was he a hypocrite, or was he only inconsistent? How explain the solemn Catholic funeral service, so beautifully described by Cloquet, and the interment in the Catholic cemetery of *Picpus*, with a large Catholic cross near his grave? (See cut of his tomb, in Cloquet, page 291.) Think you, the priests would have assisted in such numbers at the funeral, if he had been in the habit of abusing them? Or did Lafayette have one language for American Protestants, and another for French Catholics?

5. In his *chateau*, or castle, at Lagrange, Lafayette, like other French Catholics of rank, had a chapel (Cloquet, page 171); now what was the use of this chapel, if his enemies, the 'Romish Priests,' were not to officiate therein? Was this, too, a mockery, or was it sheer hypocrisy?"

After keeping silence for months in regard to these searching questions, the Professor at length waxed indignant, and flatly refused "to condescend" to answer them, on the ground that the Bishop was impeaching his veracity! And so he took his leave of the prelate and the public.

We conclude this summary review with the testimony of one among the most laborious, accurate and talented of our historians, a Protestant gentleman, who has probably made more researches into American history than any other living man; we mean *Jared Sparks*, whose testimony is worth that of a hundred such bigots as Professor Morse:

"CAMBRIDGE, July 26, 1855.

*Dear Sir:* On my return home, after a long absence, I find your letter of June 30, from Niagara Falls.

As to the first of your questions, I believe no historical fact can be better established than that Washington was not in Boston between the years 1776 and 1789, and that he was never there with Lafayette.

That Lafayette said, 'If the liberty of the United States is ever destroyed, it will be by Romish priests,' is so improbable that I could not believe it, except on the affirmation of some person that he heard him say so, and even then I should suspect misapprehension. Any reflecting man may conjecture many causes much more likely, to say the least, to destroy our liberty than the Romish priesthood.

I often saw Lafayette in Paris in the year 1829. On one occasion I attended by invitation the wedding of a grand-daughter in one of the principal churches of the city. The ceremony was performed by Catholic priests, and Lafayette appeared to attend to it throughout with as much solemnity as any person present. At La Grange, where I passed two or three weeks with him, he conversed about the schools in that neighborhood, in which he seemed to take a strong personal interest. I remember hearing him say that he thought the schools too exclusively under the direction of ecclesiastics, and that the laymen ought to take a more active part in them, but I never heard him speak disrespectfully of the Catholic church or clergy.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully, yours,

JARED SPARKS.

Rt. Rev. Bishop SPALDING."

## CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

### No. IV.—Easter Sunday.

THIS is the day that the Lord has made, the great day, the greatest of Christian days, the day of DELIVERANCE. Accordingly, over the cities, over the hills and plains, a hymn of joy is swelling, like a grand canticle.

With the first blush of the morning, the bells have joyously ushered in the festival. The Church, having been enveloped for forty days in a garb of mourning and penitence, resumes her cheerful aspect; every one puts on his best attire. On this day, our largest cathedrals are too small, for even the most indifferent consider themselves bound to observe this great solemnity. Religion displays all her splendors; the altars have resumed their magnificence, their flowers, their reliquaries, their golden candlesticks: no more veils over the pictures, the adoring angels are no longer concealed from view. Incense rises in dense clouds in the sanctuary; the priests are dressed in velvet and red brocade; the mitre glitters on the archbishop's brow, and the crosier flashes in his hand; the tabernacle, containing the eucharist, is blazing with light; and the deacons and subdeacons and the ecclesiastical students generally, as they move with burning tapers around the church, through the thronging multitudes, chant the following hymn:

"An angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and, rolling back the stone, sat thereupon; then, addressing the women, he said: 'Fear not. I know you seek Jesus. He is risen; come and see where the Lord has lain. Alleluia! Alleluia!'

"And when they had entered into the sepulchre, they saw, seated on the right, a young man clothed in a white robe: who, seeing them trembling, said: 'Fear not, for I know whom you seek: he is risen.'

"Jesus Christ, once risen from the dead, shall never die again, and death shall have no more power over him. He had died for sin; now, he lives for God.

"He died once for our sins, and he has risen for our justification.

"Was it not necessary that Christ should suffer what he has suffered, and that he should thus enter into glory?

"The Lord has risen glorious from the tomb.

"For our sake he had been nailed to a cross, and now behold him risen. Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Thus is chanted to the people the great news of the Resurrection. The word *Alleluia*, meaning *praise to the Lord*, is now become a Christian word, understood by a Christian crowd and repeated by them in a sort of holy delirium. How thrilling it is to hear ascending to the old arches of our churches that cry of the Hebrews which resounded in the depths of the sea, when the Omnipotent One opened for them a passage through the midst of the suspended billows!

It is a cry of deliverance now, as it was then. The death and resurrection of Christ also open a *passage* to a promised land, to the blessed land where Christ dwells.

The second morning after the death of the Saviour, Mary Magdalen, Mary, the mother of James, and, Salome, the mother of the sons of Zebedee, bearing perfumes to embalm the Holy Body, left Jerusalem at an early hour, and ar-

rived at the sepulchre before sunrise. As they drew near, they said to each other, "who will remove for us the sealed stone?" Just as they spoke, the earth began to tremble violently; it was the moment when the Angel of the Lord, descending from heaven, touched the stone and rolled it back.

His face glittered like lightning, and his robe was whiter than snow. The soldiers guarding the sepulchre saw him, and through terror became as it were dead men.

The women, seeing the stone removed, entered the tomb and, not finding the body, were greatly surprised. Mary Magdalen ran down to Jerusalem to inform Peter, John, and the other apostles, of what had happened.

Peter and John started from the city immediately, taking the road to the sepulchre. Both ran, but John, being fleetest of foot, arrived first at the tomb, and, stooping to look in, he saw the shroud lying upon the ground. But, before entering, he waited until Peter came up.

Going in, they saw nothing but the linens in which the Body had been wrapt, and they concluded, with the women, that it had been taken away; for they knew not yet that the Scripture had said, that he should rise from the dead. Seized with astonishment, they returned to Jerusalem, to tell the other apostles what they had seen.

But the women remained at the tomb, and Mary Magdalen wept bitterly as she looked at the empty sepulchre. All at once, in a dark corner she saw two angels clothed in white, seated at the place where the body of our Lord had been laid; one at the head, the other at the foot.

Addressing themselves to Mary Magdalen, they asked her why she wept.

She replied: "The body of my Lord has been taken away, and I do not know whither." But just as she spoke, she saw her Lord himself standing beside her, and he also asked her why she wept.

Not recognizing him immediately, and taking him for the man that took care of the garden in which the sepulchre was situated, she said: "If it be you that has removed the body of my Lord, tell me where you have placed it, so that I may take it away."

Our Lord spoke only the word "Mary!" when she recognized him, and, extending her arms, she ran towards him, exclaiming "Rabboni!" that is to say, *my master!*

"Do not touch me," added the Saviour; "I have not yet ascended to my Father. Go to the disciples and tell them what thou hast seen: tell them that I ascend towards my Father, who is your father; towards my God, who is your God." Magdalen went to inform the mourning disciples that she had seen their Lord, and told them all that he had said; but they were so downcast that they could not believe her.

The other holy women still remained at the sepulchre, trembling with fear. But the two angels said to them: "Fear not. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who has been crucified. Why do you seek among the dead him who is living? He is not here. He is risen, as he had foretold. Remember his words when he was in Galilee: **THE SON OF MAN IS TO BE DELIVERED TO THE HANDS OF SINNERS, TO BE CRUCIFIED, AND TO RISE AGAIN ON THE THIRD DAY; COME AND SEE.**" Then the holy women remembered our Lord's words, and full of joy and fear, they likewise hastened to the apostles and disciples to inform them of the great tidings they had just heard.

As they were hurrying along, praising God from the bottom of their hearts, Jesus presented himself on the way before them, and blessed them. His countenance expressed so much meekness that they had the courage to approach him and kiss his feet. The Saviour opened his mouth and pronounced these words: "Women, fear not; go and tell my brothers to repair to Galilee: they shall see me there."

On their arrival at the place where the apostles were assembled, they repeated what they had seen and heard; but their words, like those of Mary Magdalen, were treated as reveries.

On their side, some of the soldiers that had been guarding the sepulchre went to the city, and announced to the high priests all that had passed. Astounded at such prodigies, they assembled together and consulted upon what was best to be done: and it was resolved that a large sum of money should be paid to the soldiers to induce them to tell the people, that the disciples of the Nazarene had come in the night and taken away their master's body. The soldiers obeyed their orders, but notwithstanding the lie, the truth came to light. Our Lord appeared to St. Peter and to the disciples of Emmaus, and even St. Thomas himself was convinced.

This is the history of the great festival of the Resurrection; related by ocular witnesses, its truthful tone is irresistible. A man unfortunate enough not to *believe*, would feel himself constrained to *admire*, all the clear and simple details of the glorious narrative.

The Church, uniting her most imposing solemnity to the commemoration of the Resurrection, has called this day **THE DAY OF THE LORD, THE FESTIVAL OF FESTIVALS, THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE.**

St. Gregory Nazianzen says that the festival of Easter is as much superior to the other festivals of Our Lord, as the latter are to the festivals of the saints.

Pope St. Leo said, that of all the days of especial observance in the Christian religion, there was none more august or more excellent than that of Easter; he looked on it as the crowning summit of all the discipline of the great Christian republic, on which depended the economy of the divine worship and of the Sacraments of the Church, because the resurrection of the Saviour is the foundation of our religion, and without it our hope is vain.

And in truth we might have loved the son of Mary in his crib, adored him with the Magi, listened to him in the Temple with the Doctors, followed him through Judea, admired him in all his miracles, and it might have all been in vain if he had not risen on the third day. It is the broken stone of the sepulchre that cries the loudest in proclaiming the divinity of the Crucified of Calvary. It is this *passage* from the tomb to life that has given the festival the name of the *Pasch*, meaning *passage*.

**THE PASCH OF THE HEBREWS** was the commemoration of the *passage* from slavery to liberty.

**THE PASCH OF THE CHRISTIANS** is the commemoration of the *passage* from death to life, from the gloom of the sepulchre to the glory of heaven, from the slavery of sin to the freedom of the children of God!

When the Hebrews had crossed the sea, in the midst of its cloven and motionless waters, when they found themselves safe on the opposite shore, delivered from their enemies, they felt an exceeding great joy, and, filled with a holy enthusiasm, they broke forth into canticles of joy to the Lord.

Christians on Easter Sunday sing a similar Canticle:

"Chant praises, O Christians, to the Paschal victim.

"The Lamb has redeemed the sheep.

"Christ innocent has reconciled sinners with his Father.

"Death and Life fought with each other a wonderful battle.

"The Master of Life dies, but, living, he reigns again.

"Tell us, O Mary, what hast thou seen on the way?

"I have seen the sepulchre of the living Christ, and the glory of the risen Christ. I have seen the witnessing angels, the shroud, and the garments.

"He has risen; Christ, my hope, has risen; he goes before you into Galilee.

"We know that Christ has truly risen from the dead.

"O thou conquering king, have mercy on us. Amen. Alleluia!"

The whole office of this grand solemnity breathes cheerfulness and enthusiasm; but the ceremonies contain nothing extraordinary, the high mass and the vespers resemble those of other great festivals; there is nothing more in the sanctuary than the paschal candle. This candle is carried solemnly around the Church in the evening, and I assure you that those who know what is represented by it, as its bright flame is borne blazing over the heads of the crowd, find something to reflect on at the sight.

What has civilized the world is the light of Faith, the light of which the paschal candle is the shadow. To extinguish this flame, that has come to us from heaven, what efforts have not been made by hell!

When you are in the church, you see the candle start from near the altar, advance along the sanctuary, descend the steps and proceed down the aisle. All at once, the sacred light vanishes behind a column, you catch a glimpse of it in an opening, you lose it again, a little further on it appears anew; and finally, you will see it returning, blazing as bright as ever, to the altar-side.

This seems to us a lively image of the vicissitudes through which the light of Christian Faith has passed; sometimes it is of dazzling brightness, sometimes it is invisible, but it is never extinguished, and at the end of time, it will return pure and sparkling, to its altar, Heaven, from which it had started.

During the procession of the candle, the priests sing the *In exitu Israel*. The joyful and triumphant words of this psalm suit well the festival of Easter, and we have seen men of genius and feeling transported with enthusiasm, while they listened to thousands of Christians chanting, beneath the vaults of our old cathedrals, the song of the rescued children of Israel.

After this poetry of the psalms, the Church has for Easter a hymn of her own, the *O FILII ET FILIÆ*. For this rhymed history of the Resurrection, our fathers have composed an air which is well known to our children, and which our latest posterity will sing. Oh! I know of no heart so cold as not to thrill with holy joy at the moment when all the faithful, catching up the refrain from the pure and sweet voices of the choir, burst out into the magnificent ALLELUIA! The echoes of our cathedrals, churches, and chapels, seem to repeat with pleasure the strain of this old and well known air.

For the celebration of such a festival as Easter, the piety of our fathers could not be satisfied with a single day. Accordingly, the Monday and Tuesday following Easter Sunday, were for a long time holidays of obligation. Even at present they are regarded as days of peculiar devotion.

The Easter times are full of religious rejoicings. As the festival of the Resurrection occurs at the return of fine weather, it is the time when the laboring classes (especially of the old world) begin to think of exchanging the close



atmosphere of the streets and alleys, for the pure air of heaven, only to be found in the country. Nature has been lying during the winter beneath her shroud of snow, and she now rises from the dead. The houses are cleaned and brightened, children receive their new clothes, and magistrates, men of business, ecclesiastics, and students obtain a few days holiday.

Christmas has had its joys beneath the cold gray clouds of December, and before the blazing hearth. Easter has its relaxations when the trees begin to bud, the primroses to peep forth, and the skies to array themselves in blue.

When we think over all those sacred rejoicings which Catholicity sheds over our lives, we cannot but pity the cold, sceptical hearts of those poor men who sneer at our festivals. But it is not for them that I write. Those to whom I dedicate my book, do not disdain the pure joys that come to us from heaven. On the contrary, they seek them. *They* delight not in the cold shades of death, they believe in the **RESURRECTION**.

Not only in *the resurrection of Christ*, but in *the resurrection of society*.

Yes, we assert it boldly. Society will not always be as it is to-day: it will not remain for ever in the gloomy regions of death; it will break the seals, roll back the stone, and come forth radiant as the morning, and displaying to the winds of heaven the glorious standard of the Cross.

By this sign the Church shall conquer. Let us, who firmly believe in this *day of resurrection*, endeavor, like *men of good will*, to hasten its arrival. In such good work even sinners can labor; for it is not holy hands alone that built the Temple.

#### LIFE A FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

The sun had risen, the air was sweet,  
And brightly shone the morning dew,  
And cheerful sounds and busy feet  
Pass'd the lone meadows through;  
While rolling like a flowery sea,  
In waves of gay and spiry bloom,  
The hay-fields rippled merrily,  
In beauty and perfume.

I saw the early mowers pass  
At morn along that pleasant dell,  
And rank on rank the shining grass,  
Around them quickly fell.

I look'd, and far and wide at noon  
The morning's fallen flowers were spread;  
And all, as rose the evening moon,  
Beneath the scythe were dead.

All flesh is grass, the Scriptures say,  
And so through life's brief span we find;  
Cut down as in a Summer day  
Are all of human kind.

Some, while the morning still is fair,  
Will fall in youth's sweet op'ning prime;  
The heat of mid-day some will bear,  
But all lie low in time.

O mournful thought! ah, how to me  
It breathes a solemn warning tale!  
I soon a broken stem shall be,  
Like those that strew the vale.

At early dawn or closing light  
The silent hand of death may fall:  
Oh, may I learn this lesson right,  
So full of truth for all!

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

### FATHER FORMBY'S WORKS.

Continued from page 109.

IN the third volume of the Metropolitan, were published a series of able and eloquent letters from the pen of the Rev. Henry Formby of Birmingham, England, developing his then projected enterprise of a series of works which should make modern art subservient to religious and moral instruction. We select these works to illustrate our subject, as the plan devised by that excellent clergyman, has always appeared to us the only feasible one for multiplying pictorial books suitable for Catholic youth, at a price which would place them within the reach of all classes.



ABRAHAM ABOUT TO OFFER HIS SON ISAAC IN SACRIFICE.

The zealous missionary of Birmingham, startled by the dangers which surrounded the youth of his charge, devoted his attention to the subject; and his letters discussing his plan of operations, gave full promise of the results now already reached in spite of many difficulties in obtaining the large amount of funds necessary to sustain the design until it could become self-supporting. Pictures speak in all tongues; and therefore, if a fine and costly wood engraving can be multiplied cheaply, so that Catholic publishers in every nation can possess and use it at a small portion of the cost of the original block, the great difficulty in the way of cheap yet excellently illustrated Catholic books will be

removed. This the electrotype process performs. "Without injury to the original engraved blocks," writes Father Formby, "the electrotype process yields as many transcripts of them in copper as are needed, and thus the original design made upon the wood can be printed in every country of the globe—in connection with its own language—where the art of printing is



JACOB AT THE POINT OF DEATH PROPHESIES TO JUDAH THE COMING OF THE MESSIAS (B.C. 1872).

known, and where the design is of sufficient interest to be sought after and purchased. Pictorial printing, then, is an instrument which in the power of extending itself is absolutely co-extensive with the catholicity of the Church itself, and viewed simply as a power, is one of the resources of our own times, quite unknown to those who preceded us."

The works issued under the care of Father Formby, in pursuance of his design, are all profusely and beautifully illustrated.

"The Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church, or the Seven Pillars of the House of Wisdom," is, as its name imports, a little treatise on the sacraments, full of instruction and food for meditation, and is illustrated with the scriptural types of the old law which prefigured them. "The Holy Childhood of Jesus," and "the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary," are handsomely illustrated editions of these pious devotions, accompanied with scriptural narratives, and heads for meditation, which add greatly to their value and will make them a great acquisition to the confraternities.

The Pictorial Bible Stories, of which three parts, comprising the volume of the Old Testament History, are now issued, form the first portion of Father Formby's great design of illustrating God's Revelation to man from the creation to the present time, by describing the principal events connected with its progress. The first part comes down to the death of Joseph, adorned by a large number of illustrations, the most of them of very great beauty, and all valuable because of their historic truth, and accuracy of costume, habits and scenery. The illustrations of the life of Joseph are particularly attractive, and relate his story with a truth and vividness, beyond the power of words alone. The histories are given nearly in the words of the sacred writers, and are brought out in great beauty and simplicity. The various types of our Blessed Saviour, His Immaculate Mother, and the Church, in this as well as the succeeding parts, are illustrated in engravings of the full size of the page, and their significance properly explained.

The second part continues the work to the death of David and Solomon's accession to the throne. The illustrations of this part, surpass those of the preceding in beauty of design and execution. The astonishment of the Egyptian king and court gazing upon the serpent-rod of Moses, the frantic grief of the family group over the dead body of the beautiful first born, the young Samuel coming to Heli, and Nathan rebuking David, are pictures worthy of study, while the mighty strength of Samson, his prowess and death, are admirably depicted. This part contains seventy two illustrations, and two maps—the one of Palestine as divided among the twelve tribes, the other of the passage through the dead sea.

In the third and last part of the volume, closing at the period, when all things were prepared for the fulfilment of the prophecies of the old law, by the coming of the long expected Messiah, the author seems to move with a freer step and bolder hand. He has overcome his difficulties; his work is established, his very artists appear to throw more spirit and energy into their designs. Some of the larger historical pictures by Carl Clasen are worthy of the famed school of Munich and their execution reminds us of the old masters of wood engraving. The Herodian party before the king, the martyrdom of the Macchabees, the departure of the Jews into captivity, are masterly specimens of design and execution. All the illustrations indeed are beautiful, two of which we here insert for the edification of our readers.

We venture to say that there is no other work of the same character which is so attractive in all its parts, and so well calculated to enlist the attention of the young and indeed the old, for we think no one can pass through it step by step without interest and profit. Let any one who wishes to test how well and

effectively Father Formby has wrought out this portion of his design, place in the hands of his children one of these numbers, and mark, as we have done, the eagerness with which they study the attractive illustrations and the avidity with which they read the history till they have mastered every point of the picture, thus storing their minds with important knowledge, improving their taste and strengthening their faith, and he will begin to appreciate the debt of gratitude which Catholic parents owe to the earnest and zealous missionary of Birmingham.

In all ages, illustrated books for the instruction of the young, have met with favor from the wise and good. When the first number of the Bible Stories was submitted to his Holiness Pope Pius IX, that illustrious Pontiff expressed himself, "well pleased both with the design of the work and the execution of it as far as it was yet carried out," and as an evidence of how highly he appreciated the undertaking, he bestowed his apostolic benediction upon its zealous author. Cardinal Wiseman and the assembled Bishops, after an examination of some of the specimen plates, approved of Father Formby's "zeal and energy in his laudible enterprise, and recommended it to the patronage of the Catholic public," while his own Bishop advises the adoption of his works in the diocesan schools.

With such high endorsement, possessing such intrinsic merits, and so fully adapted to supply the great want in all Catholic families, we do not doubt but that his works will receive an ample patronage from the Catholics of the United States,—that they will find their way into every congregation, and every catechism class, and become an acceptable gift from the parent to the child, a charity offering from the rich to the poor, and an efficient aid to the labors of the pastor. Upon the success of these first parts and the support which they receive will in some measure depend the, if possible, still more beautiful and finished execution of those important ones which are to follow. The fourth part will contain the Life of Jesus Christ, with one-hundred engravings: the fifth, the pictorial history of the Church, from the day of Pentecost to the conversion of Constantine: the sixth will continue it to the Council of Trent, and the seventh and last will conclude the series with the reign of our present Holy Father, Pope Pius IX.

It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon this noble design. The simple statement of its scope and object is sufficient, we think, to attract the attention of all who love youth and wish to assist in guarding it from the dangers and temptations which surround it, and to arm it for the perilous assaults against its faith, which it must infallibly meet in a mixed people like ours: and an examination of the parts already issued, will make them fast friends and supporters of the design which the Holy Father has blessed and approved, and which its devout author has placed under the special protection of the BLESSED AND IMMACULATE VIRGIN.



THE HILL OF TARA.

### SKETCHES FROM IRISH HISTORY.—No. III.

#### THE HILL OF TARA.

TARA, so celebrated in the early annals of Ireland, was for ages the chief residence of the monarchs of the country—the centre from which their laws were promulgated; the resort of the great and the learned, poets and druids. We are told that it became the residence of her kings on the first establishment of the monarchy, under Slanige, long before the Christian era, and so continued until the century after the conversion of the nation to Christianity by the preaching of St. Patrick.

Its ancient magnificence has been the theme of admiration on the part of the Philo-Milesian, while its very existence has been called in question by some of the modern schools. Though there is at present little else to attract the eye than a succession of grass-covered mounds, still upon a close examination there is sufficient to attest the fact that it contains the mouldered ruins of former grandeur and magnificence. The most singular of its ancient monuments, which still exists comparatively uninjured by time, is the "Lia Fail," the celebrated stone pillar on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned. It is composed of granular limestone, and is at present about six feet above the ground, and its base is several feet below the surface. At its base it is perhaps four feet in circumference; but it tapers somewhat towards the top, not unlike the "Round Towers." In the graveyard, near the summit of the hill, which is said to occupy the site of a once famous pagan temple, are some remarkable relics of antiquity. Among others is the famous "Cross," which points out the spot where, in the fifth century, Benen, the disciple of St. Patrick, escaped uninjured from the flames, and where stood the house in which Lucad, the druid of king Laogaire, was burned. This alludes to the legend, which is still told in the neighborhood, of the proposition made by the king to the saint, to confine Benen and Lucad in a house to which fire was to be set, and if the disciple was spared and the druid consumed, the king would embrace Christianity. This was accordingly done, and when the flames subsided, to the astonishment of the multitude, Benen came forth uninjured, while the druid perished in the devouring element.

Whether we reject the accounts of historians as fabulous, or accept them as poetic exaggerations, it is impossible to consider the "Hill of Tara" in any other light than that of a place in which multitudes formerly dwelt. Of this there is abundant evidence apart from all doubtful authority; not only in the

valuable ornaments of gold which have been from time to time dug up in the vicinity, a few of which have been deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in the ancient names of several neighboring localities, and in the various roads which now lead to the hill, of which distinct traces remain; but the character and appearance of the place remove all doubt of its having been the work of human hands, and not the production of nature.

Some of the bardic accounts of this famous locality are exceedingly interesting. Fite, the bard, who lived in the first century, informs us that Ollamb Földhla, the twenty-first monarch, erected at Tara the *Mur Ollamham*, or "college of sages," and also instituted the celebrated *Feis* of Tara, which was an assembly of all the states of Ireland, and met every three years. An ancient manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity College, contains the following curious description of the Hall of Tara, in the reign of Cormac Ulfada in the third century :

"The palace of Tamar is nine thousand square feet; the diameter of the surrounding *rath*, seven casts of a dart; it contains one hundred and fifty apartments and the same number of dormitories. There were one hundred and fifty drinking-horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests sat daily at table, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, moulders, &c."

The manuscript goes on to state that the hall had twelve divisions on each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, eight for the astrologers, historians and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the doors; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs were served at each meal. In the convention of Tara, the supreme monarch occupied an elevated throne in the centre of the hall; the subordinate kings occupied seats on his right and left; the druids, bards, philosophers and musicians, were also entitled to seats in this assembly. The session was opened by the chief bard delivering an ode, accompanied by music; the druidic rites followed, and these being completed, the fire of Saman was lighted, and the business of the convention was commenced. It was before this august assembly that St. Patrick announced the sacred truths of Christianity; it was from Tara, as a centre, that the light of the Gospel spread through every part of Ireland.

Tara retained its splendor and magnificence down to the year 565, when it was still the seat of royalty. At this period, we are informed by the ancient chroniclers that, for some crime, of which we are not made fully aware, it was cursed by St. Rudhan, who prayed that no king or queen should ever reign in Tara, that its court and palaces should crumble to the dust. However this may be, it is certain that the grandeur of Tara has faded from the earth, and its glory dwells only in song. When the traveler visits this once famous spot, he finds scarcely a vestige to recall the reminiscence of its former greatness. Its "chiefs and ladies bright" no longer fill its halls; its bards have vanished; its music is no longer heard—all is silent:

"The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were dead.

So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er;



And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord alone that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells."

The "Hill of Tara,"—alas! for the degradation of the age,—is now generally known as "Croppy Hill," from the fact that during the memorable period of '98, a large number of the "patriot few" who struggled for the restoration of the lost liberties of Ireland, were slaughtered and buried in the most elevated of its mounds. After the strife had subsided, the friends of the victims assembled and removed the famous stone pillar of which we have already spoken, from its former site, and placed it (as may be seen in the illustration) as a sepulchral monument over the spot where the martyred patriots are interred.

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### IMPIETY SUBDUED;

OR, IMPRESSIONS PRODUCED ON AN INFIDEL MIND BY A VISIT TO  
LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

WE are indebted to the kindness of an esteemed clergyman, for the following narrative of the conversion of one who had long abandoned himself to the impious teachings of the infidel philosophy of the last century. The simple story, given in the language of the unhappy child of error himself, contains many useful lessons for the young, and will tend to impress upon their minds the beauty of religion, the power of virtue to raise them above the ills of life, and even to subdue the fierceness of impiety itself:

At the age of twenty-one, I was already old, for I had tasted to satiety of the joys and the illusions of the world. Having imbibed the most pernicious tenets of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, my heart by insensible degrees lost its freshness, my intellect became darkened; and the political events of 1815, resulting contrary to my expectations, precipitated me into the abyss of hopeless despair. I believed in nothing. I had faith neither in the present, nor in the future.

Compelled by adverse circumstances, the details of which would be tedious, to abandon the profession of the law, towards which my studies had hitherto tended, I accepted the modest situation of guardian, or overseer, of the rivers and forests near Grenoble.

It was nearly about this period, that the government gave permission for the reestablishment of many of the religious houses, and it was in consequence of this act of authority, of which I was one of the most violent opposers, that the Carthusians, who had survived the storms of revolutionary France, recovered possession of the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, the cradle of this venerable order.

They were few in number: eight or ten Fathers only, accompanied by some lay-brothers, just returning from Rome under the care of the Father Pro-

curator. We can readily imagine what were the emotions of these pious Cenobites, when after so many years of exile, they were at length permitted to revisit those cherished spots, where they had formerly dedicated themselves to God, and which they regarded as their true country. As from a distance they caught the first glimpse of the remains of their ancient abode, with one accord they fell upon their knees, inspired by a holy enthusiasm, and watered with their tears the flinty path of the desert.

But alas! how great was the change. This venerable structure, where so much of splendor had been accumulated, the generous gifts of the piety of past ages, presented now but the sad spectacle of ruin and desolation—the devastating torrent had swept over all; wherever the eye turned itself, it fell upon mouldering rubbish and crumbling walls, in the midst of which, the very echoes seemed to have forgotten the accents of prayer.

The axe had also spread its ravages amid those beautiful and majestic forests, the ancient property of the good Fathers, and so well preserved and beautified by the labor of their own hands. Briars encumbered the path-ways, and numerous openings were to be seen in those places where they had been wont to betake themselves for prayer and meditation, beneath the shade of the magnificent trees. The feelings which they experienced at the sight of so many disastrous changes must have been sad indeed; yet, not a murmur was uttered; happy to return once more to their ancient habitation, though so cruelly devastated, joy predominated over every other sentiment, and they thought only of the means of repairing as speedily as possible (even in a day if it might be) the roof which had sheltered them in the days gone by.

One must have dwelt under the rigorous climate of this region, situated nearly two thousand metres above the level of the sea, and struggled during nine months of the year, with its constant snows, to form a just idea of the sufferings to which these poor solitaries had at first to submit, exposed as they were at the same time to all the inclemency of the seasons.

Ignorant as yet of the rights which the fiscal bureau had arrogated to itself, the Father Procurator believed himself privileged to cut in the forests, which were formerly in possession of his Order, a certain quantity of pines, which were forthwith sawed and made ready for repairing the roof of the monastery.

This proceeding caused great excitement, and did not fail to furnish a pretext for the outbreak of that fierce malignity to which the good Fathers had the mortification to find themselves exposed since their return. Those of the inhabitants who had been enriched by the plunder of their property sought only the opportunity to injure them. They therefore denounced them to the agents of the forests, who in the name of the law opposed the continuance of the work. The matter was referred to a higher authority; this tribunal suspended its decision for the space of a month, during which time the unfortunate monks were exposed without shelter, to the fury of the raging storm.

At length the government gave an answer. Ordering a discontinuance of all the judicial proceedings that had been instituted against these religious, it directed that an agent should be immediately sent to them, a man firm, yet liberal in his views, who, whilst causing them to comprehend their real position, should allow them such an amount of timber, as would suffice for their more urgent necessities, and who at the same time would reconcile the strictness of official duty, with the deference due to such a community. To me was confided

his delicate mission; the administration was at the time ignorant, no doubt, of the extreme views and opinions which my mind had imbibed, and which might urge me to the most violent measures against these poor monks; were it not for such ignorance I had never received the appointment.

However it may be, I departed on my errand fully resolved to humiliate them, to exercise with the utmost rigor all the powers with which I had been intrusted and to traverse their plans by every possible annoyance. Oh! when I recall these guilty projects, when I remember that I, yet so young, had prepared myself with the most determined malice to trample under foot the reverence due to age, to piety and to misfortune, I feel myself overwhelmed by the keenest pangs of remorse, and I could wish that this sad page in the history of my life might be blotted out forever.

Yet there is one remembrance which consoles and leads me to hope that I have been forgiven; for God was not slow in removing the darkness which enveloped my soul, and I can show you in the course of my narrative how that darkness was dissipated by the power of his divine hand. But before I come to this happy transformation, permit me to dwell for a moment upon the varied impressions with which I was assailed on beholding the scenery with which la Grande Chartreuse is environed.

There are numerous descriptions of this ancient monastery and its environs, all of which in my opinion fall far below the reality; for art can never attain to the full majesty of such a scene; nature so grand, so fertile in the terrible sublimity which pervades the surrounding wilderness, will ever show itself superior to the inspirations of genius. In presenting therefore some details of these wild solitudes, where the hand of the Creator has wrought so many wonders, I will essay not so much to describe the places I saw as to portray the sensations which I experienced in traversing them.

The valley of la Grande Chartreuse is a continuation of that of St. Laurent du Pont, and is enclosed in a frame-work, as it were, of lofty and barren mountains whose summits are covered with almost perpetual snows. Here two roads come together, one crossing Mount Eynard, receives its name from the village of Sappey, situated at the entrance of the valley upon the north side of this mountain; the other passes near St. Laurent du Pont, a considerable town, of which the Carthusians were the ancient lords.

It is particularly on this side that the scenery presents the most striking view: a narrow path often rendered impassable by the waters which have their source in the melting of the snow, is bordered by frightful precipices, at whose feet the torrents roar with a mighty voice, which being taken up, and repeated by the surrounding echoes, fills the desert air with the wildest harmonies.

The rocks which tower above this road, from their rent crevices, their riven and shattered aspect, seem like the record of some ancient battle of the elements; here, gloomy, sharp-pointed peaks, launch themselves upward beyond the clouds; there immense heaps thrown together by the tempests of ages, extend to a great distance, their rocky surface denuded of vegetation, and then the mountains clothed in the melancholy verdure of the pine, seem to start forth like so many islands in this waveless ocean, where the convulsions of nature have marked their passage by such fearful manifestations.

The route of Sappey presents a scenery no less wild, but infinitely more varied, and producing other impressions on the mind. It passes along a moun

tain covered with lofty pines, at whose base the clear waters of the river Guiers wind their serpentine course—they are crossed by a bridge boldly planted upon two rocks for the foundation, and the murmuring sound of these waters as they glide along, is mingled with the perfumed breezes that descend from the heights above. Here the soil is less barren and the eye can rest at intervals upon green and flowery landscapes.

This is the road travelled by St. Bruno, when impelled by an inspiration from heaven, he came with several companions of his youth for the purpose of devoting himself in the solitude of the desert to the severe life of the cloister. This celebrated monastery, which was founded under the pontificate of Urban II, has suffered many vicissitudes—the hand of time, as well as that of man, has wrought in it remarkable changes—it was moreover burnt and ravaged twice by the Calvinists, but the original designs of the holy founder were not lost sight of, in the several re-constructions of the edifice—and though the revolution has also inflicted its ravages, in certain portions may yet be seen the traces of its first plan.

I set out from Grenoble on a beautiful morning in June, and as I was mounted, I chose the route by Sappey. As I rode on, notwithstanding my prejudices, notwithstanding the proud, impious feelings of my heart, I could not repress a profound sentiment of admiration for this young man of noble lineage, who with his companions, courageously forsaking the allurements of the world, had come to consecrate himself to God, in a region so savage and uninviting.

This thought, joined to the strange and remarkable scenes through which I was passing, the sad sublimity of their features, the musical roar of the waters of the river Guiers, which could be heard in the distance, as they lost themselves in the depths of the gloomy forests, the serene brightness of the sky, in fine, the magic harmony of all things, around, one of the greatest charms of these remote solitudes, all combined to fill me with emotions, strange, and hitherto unfelt, for which I could not account to myself, and which nevertheless ravished and enchanted me.

I could not but admire, I repeat it, the patience, the self-abandonment of these men, the first to discover and fertilize such a wilderness, where they set the example of the most heroic Christian virtue. At the same time I was doubtless incapable of comprehending fully the creative power of faith, but already I began to feel within me some of its wonderful effects, vaguely, it is true, like some far off light, as I contemplated it from the midst of the darkness which enveloped my soul.

“As I rode forward it seemed to me that the silence of the forest became more solemn, exciting within me sensations the most profound. At length amid the mingled thoughts which oppressed me, I perceived through an opening the dilapidated roof of the convent. The day was declining, when suddenly the silvery sound of a bell was heard, announcing the hour of the *Angelus*. Then it was, a kind of trembling, as from a galvanic blow, pervaded my whole being. I paused, recalling to memory that sweet prayer, ‘*Hail! Mary, full of grace,*’ which my mother had taught me in the days of infancy, and which in despite of myself I now repeated, the tears starting to my eyes. . . .

But, alas! strange inconsistency of the human heart! this passing remembrance of the impressions of childhood, of my earlier faith, were soon overpowered by the foolish pride in which I had until then been educated.

To be continued.

## THE OXFORD GHOSTS.

*From the Catholic Magazine,—London.*

It was St. Mark's Eve: that memorable night when by ancient and immemorial charter, the spirits of departed men are permitted to visit the earth in a visible form. A silver blaze of moonlight streaming down the choir of St. Mary's church, revealed to view its carved stalls, tenanted by a number of grim, misty spectres, whose wanness of aspect was relieved by a certain dignity of demeanor, that revealed a consciousness of bygone consequence. In truth those phantoms had, in their incarnate days, been personages of no mean note and consideration. They were the various founders of those colleges and halls of learning for which Oxford is still famous, together with other worthies who had been connected with that university in times antecedent to the Reformation and by virtue of some superhuman authority, granted to them in that behalf, they were now reassembled for a night's conversation on the vicissitudes of time, amidst the very scenes which, when in the flesh, they had hoped, by their endowments and foundations to render independent of them. The nicety of spectral instinct had, it is presumed, selected the old church of St. Mary's for the scene of that midnight convocation, from an inkling of its being a spot rendered partially congenial to the feelings of those ancient heads of houses, by the recent promulgation from its pulpit, of doctrines more consonant with their own old-fashioned notions, than the opinions which had generally prevailed in the university during the two last centuries and a half.

Foremost in the throng,—he had been called to preside by ghostly acclamation,—sate Archbishop Chichele. The prelate wore a grave and stern expression of countenance, and ever and anon looked towards what, in days of faith had been the altar, with an air of bewilderment, as if at a loss to divine what could have become of the tabernacle, crucifix, and six candlesticks.

Among that shadowy company were to be observed king Alfred, Henry III, Henry VI, Edward III, and Philippa of Hainault, Henry VII, and Henry VIII, William of Waynflete, bishop of Winchester; Robert de Eglesfield; William of Durham, rector of Bishop Wearmouth; William Smith, bishop of Lincoln; Sir Richard Sutton, William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester; Walter de Stapledon, and Edmund Stafford, bishops of Exeter; Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln; Rotherham, archbishop of York; John Baliol and his wife Devorguilla; Cardinal Wolsey; John Frank; John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester; Richard Dudley, chancellor of Salisbury; Adam de Brome; Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester; Walter de Merton, bishop of Rochester; and others.

King Alfred, as the senior sovereign present, was the first to address the meeting. He spoke in so antiquated a dialect, as to be almost unintelligible to modern ears; but was understood, however, to expatiate on the state of ignorance which prevailed throughout Britain when he had mounted its throne, as contrasted with the national enlightenment of which he had become the promoter, by fostering the cultivation of the classical languages, and of general literature. From a higher state of being he had watched for some centuries the progressive rise of the university of Oxford; but when a period had arrived in its history, at which at the beck of a worldly despot, one of his own most worthless successors, he had observed those who should have considered them-

selves to be the bulwarks of the national faith, as well as the guardians of learning, veering over in a body to the most dangerous religious innovations, he had retired in disgust from any further superintendence of the destinies of a place which he had intended for a citadel of the true faith, as well as a cradle of human knowledge. Curiosity had on the present occasion induced him to become a visitant to earth, and it pleased him to find himself surrounded by the spirits of so many old Catholic worthies in the choir of a church which, in ancient days, at least, had so often resounded to the holy chaunts of the old religion.

Henry VIII hastily rose to explain, but in so evidently towering a passion, that his first words consisted but of oaths and imprecations, which seemed to strike terror into his misty audience, and to make the shades shrink aside and dwindle, as it were, into each other. He proceeded to aver with much vehemence, that no change of religious doctrine had been introduced by him into the university of Oxford, as his semi-barbarous Anglo-Saxon predecessor had just now insinuated. His reformation of religion had not consisted in altering its tenets, but simply in substituting his own supremacy for that of the pope, in which newly assumed capacity of head of the Church he had found it quite orthodox and convenient to appropriate to the exigencies of his exchequer the accumulated wealth and endowments of all the monastic orders in the country. His connexion with Oxford had consisted in crippling the ostentatious foundation of the butcher's son,—converting St. Frideswide's church into a cathedral, and establishing there certain ecclesiastical creatures of his own, who willingly conceded to him all the spiritual authority he chose to claim. The same measure of obedience he had exacted and obtained from all the other collegiate authorities. He understood that at the present day members of the university were required to lend adhesion to 39 articles of religious belief; in his time, one article included every other, namely: blind and implicit concurrence in the sovereign's personal opinion of orthodoxy for the time being. Were he the king to-morrow, the same rule of faith should again prevail, and Oxford heads of houses would believe whatever he ordered them to believe, or answer for it with their own. . . . His late majesty would have proceeded, but in seeming obedience to some stringent and sudden summons, vanished from the assembly, and a lambent sulphureous flame for some minutes played around the spot which his spirit had seemed to occupy.

After a few moments' silence, Cardinal Wolsey rose, and observed that although the last speaker had made a very discourteous allusion to himself, his own death-bed repentance, in the abbey of Leicester, had too much humbled his spirit for resentfulness to exist there. Pride and ambition had indeed been the ruling passions, and the bane of his mortal career, running at length his earthly fortunes, and nearly proving the destruction of his soul. In too vain a spirit of extravagant ostentation he had devised the original foundation of Christchurch, with its hundred canonries; in forming, however, that magnificent establishment, he had been actuated not only by motives of personal vanity, but by sincere zeal for the Catholic Church. Upon the monarch who had shorn it of its splendors, had devolved that and many a like responsibility. For himself he could only say, that criminal as had been his career in many respects, he thanked God it had come to a close in time to spare him the bitter grief of witnessing the spectacle of a great national apostacy.

Henry the Seventh rose. He had observed with more pain than surprise, the apparently sudden and compulsory withdrawal of his son from that ghostly convocation. Awful, indeed, must be the state of that spirit which, when in the flesh, had sown in once Catholic England the fatal germs of resistance to legitimate spiritual authority! The sins of the father were, in his own case, visited indeed most bitterly on his children! His own particular chapel and mausoleum at Westminster, where daily masses were to have been offered for his soul, was now turned into a sort of show-room, exhibited to visitors at sixpence a head! In 1488, he had honored Magdalen College with a visit, and for many years his memory had been honored there by the annual celebration of mass for the benefit of his soul, on the top of its beautiful tower. The prostration of religion had of course abrogated this, together with almost every other pious practice that dated from the days of religious orthodoxy.

Henry the Third here remarked, that his spirit would never have acquiesced in the appropriation by Henry the Sixth of the revenues of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, which he had founded, to the additional endowment of Magdalen College, could he have foreseen that the members of that establishment would at a subsequent time become traitors to the faith of their founder and benefactors.

The "holy shade" of Henry the Sixth hoped it was quite unnecessary to assure his illustrious predecessor that he shared the sentiment he had just now heard expressed. It was, indeed, he that had licensed the Hospitalers of St. John the Baptist to surrender their hospital, with all its possessions, into the hands of the president and brethren of Magdalen College; and he had done so out of great love and affection for his friend and chancellor, Bishop Waynflete, little dreaming of the direful derelictions of faith and discipline which later days were to bring forth. Elsewhere an especial foundation of his own on the banks of the Thames, had departed alike from olden practice and belief. Some bard of modern times had spoken of "grateful science there still adoring her Henry's holy shade," and the compliment might well be taken in a merely poetical sense,—for the Etonian mode of honoring the memory of their founder, was manifested in the utter proscription of the religious faith in which he had lived and died, and the exclusion from their scholastic walls of any that still ventured to profess it. Such organic changes in the religious impressions of a country, afforded poor inducement to mediæval visitants, and centuries might probably elapse before he should again find it worth his while to take another glance at a nook of earth which he had once ruled and loved.

William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, fully entered into the feelings of his royal master, and deplored at some length the general falling off in faith of the whole country, and of Oxford in particular. To witness heresy rampant in his own college of Magdalen, was indeed most dolorous! He had heard it stated, that in quite recent times one or two instances had occurred, in which members of his college had actually returned to the faith of their founder, and been thereupon compelled to give up the fellowships which they held from his bounty. Such glimmerings of reviving orthodoxy, amidst the widely-spread gloom of error, were not without value and consolation; but it grieved his soul to say that in one of the cases to which he had referred, the very individual who had the generous courage to embrace the truth, had subsequently relapsed into



his former aberrations! To return to the other world, and pray for his recreant children, was his only course.

Edward the Second directed the attention of his brother founders' spirits to a curious sign of the times, namely, that from the bosom of the college which he had established and endowed, and which, like every other foundation in Oxford, had embraced the innovations of the pretended Reformation, there had recently sprung forth a very gifted member, who, while on the one hand persisting in denouncing allegiance to Rome, and in regarding himself as a member of the law-established Church, was on the other perpetually busying himself with attempts to revive many of the leading tenets and practices of the old religion, sending forth, from time to time, publications, from the tenor of which, it were almost impossible not to suppose their author an orthodox member of the true and only Church, but for the strange and inexplicable fact of his continuing the avowed adherent of another one. These quasi Catholic doctrines were spreading in the university, and the results to which they might ultimately lead, were known to God alone.

Edward the Third had granted a charter to Queen's College out of regard for his wife, who had interested herself in that establishment, but would never have done so, had he foreseen that in so doing he was planting an institution for the future dissemination of false doctrine.

Queen Philippa of Hainault thought that amidst the general wreck of Catholic foundations, the chivalry of the nation might have respected a college to which she had lent her name and patronage. There at least her memory might have been honored, by maintaining the faith of its founder and benefactress.

Robert de Eglesfield would frankly disclaim the honor of having been the founder of Queen's College, and cede it to his illustrious penitent, Queen Philippa, whose munificence and royal patronage had enabled him to establish that seminary of learning upon a permanent footing. As the director of that great and good princess, he could render full justice to the sincerity of her religious sentiments, and to the grief with which she must now behold the members of a society bearing her name, lending their adhesion to doctrines which he could only characterize as fraught with the elements of perdition.

William of Durham, rector of Bishop Wearmouth, contended, that if in any one of the establishments of Oxford the old religion had been well entitled to find a refuge, it should have been at University College, the most ancient of them all, and with the foundation of which he had himself the honor of being closely connected. There, however, as elsewhere, the impostures of German renegades had polluted the pure sources of ancient truth.

John Baliol had found the college which he and his wife had established thoroughly contaminated by the seemingly all absorbing heresies of the sixteenth century; nothing, however, in England could surprise him after what he had seen during a recent flitting to the land of his birth. From England, indeed, the substance of the old religion seemed to have effectually departed, still the framework of its ancient hierarchy was in existence, but in Scotland not a trace remained of its once illustrious Church. Its cathedrals were in ruins, its bishoprics all abolished, and the only apology for a Christian form of worship now existing in that country, was a certain so-called Presbyterian establishment, consisting of a set of unordained ministers, who within the bare walls of utterly

unadorned meeting-houses, prayed and preached without form, ritual, or ceremony, and were just at this time all wrangling with each other.

Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, and the knightly Sir Richard Sutton, rose simultaneously; but the lay yielded to the clerical founder of Brasenose, who expiated at some length on his misfortune, in having contributed to the establishment of that college, destined for the cultivation of Catholic faith, but comparatively few years before the eighth Henry commenced the fatal work of its subversion.

Walter de Stapledon and Edmund Stafford, Bishops of Exeter, and founders of the college bearing the name of that see, successively deplored their having endowed an establishment destined to become, in after times, one of the many strongholds of religious innovation, and mentioned as a characteristic anecdote of the temper of the present Anglican clergy, as compared with the spirit of ancient fervor, that, having lately flitted into their old diocese, and looked into their cathedral during the performance of Divine service, they had observed the present Bishop of Exeter fast asleep on his throne.

William of Wykeham, the pious and learned Bishop of Winchester, remarked, that none had greater reason than he to deplore the perversion to other than the objects which he had held in view, the magnificent foundations of which he had been the originator. The school which, in his city of Winchester, he had endowed for the instruction of youth in the humanities of learning, and the mysteries of religion, no longer taught the tenets which he had believed and revered; and New College, founded at his sole expense, had equally departed from ancient purity of faith. Could any one name a sacred edifice in Oxford, surpassing in magnificence the chapel attached to his own foundation, and which, in his time, he had taken pride in adorning with all imaginable splendor? How shorn now of all its Catholic glories! How lamentable for a prelate of the infallible Church, to find, after the lapse of centuries, that the institutions, over the infancy of which he had so fondly presided, had steeped themselves in error! He should return to that realm of spirits, from which the interest he felt for the land of his birth, could, for a brief interval, have alone withdrawn him, and devote some centuries to ardent and continuous prayer for the religious re-enlightenment of his country.

Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Edward I, founder of Merton College, "followed on the same side," as did also Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, founder of Corpus Christi College, John Franks, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Henry VI, an eminent benefactor of Oriel, John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester in 1476, Adam de Brome, Almoner to King Edward II, and who suggested to that monarch the establishment of Oriel College, of which he became the first provost, and Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, and Rotherham, Archbishop of York, and Lord High Chancellor, founders of Lincoln College. With little or no variation of expression and feeling, these various worthies delivered sundry monodies on the decay of national faith, and aspirations for its revival.

Archbishop Chichele now rose, but spoke in so indistinct a tone, as to be at times inaudible in the organ loft. He was understood to observe, that from his visit to earth this time, he had derived very slender satisfaction. All the old landmarks of faith and orthodoxy were now set aside. He had founded a college to which he had given the name of "All Souls," that his successors in

its government, and all those who might thereafter, within its walls, devote themselves to the acquisition of human learning, should temper their ambitious aspirations after the distinctions of science and intelligence, by constantly bearing in mind the brevity of the time during which the brightest triumphs of genius could be enjoyed. His intention had been, that while praying on their individual accounts, the children of his own foundation should never forget to offer supplications also for the souls of those who had preceded them into the realms of eternity. He had stipulated, indeed, that, in return for the dedication of his ample patrimony to the endowment of the college, commemorative masses should be at times offered up for the repose of his own soul. He thanked heaven, that object was accomplished; but, had the release of his spirit from a mean state of penitential probation, been made dependent upon those whose prayers he had the best right to claim, long indeed must he have had to wait for such a consummation; for not only were no masses offered for him, as he had desired, but the present occupants of "All Souls," stigmatized the holy sacrifice of the mass, as a "damnable and idolatrous" ceremony.

In the course of his recent wanderings, he had marked the nice attention to personal comfort, and elaborate purveyance of all the luxuries of life, which prevailed in a scholastic establishment, designed by him rather to sever man's affections from the world, than to rivet them to its most sensual allurements. The well-stored buttry and steaming kitchen, now absorbed far more consideration than any thought of higher things. Had he anticipated the possibility of such a result, "All Bodies" would have been a more distinctive appellation than "All Souls," for a college of which the sons troubled themselves so much for the good things of this world, and so little for those of the other. They had a strange method of testifying the reverence they affected to feel for their founder's memory. They had, to be sure, repaired his old tomb in Canterbury cathedral, and a fine painted gewgaw they had made of it! but, beyond that trifling piece of attention, paid to his mouldering bones, he had nothing to thank them for. When bestowing ample possessions upon the endowment of "All Souls," he had not thought it unreasonable to stipulate, that, to the fellowships of the college, those should thereafter be first entitled, who could establish the nearest claim to kindred with himself. Such persons were, however, at the present day, avowedly excluded from the benefit which he had especially reserved for them, for no other reason than that they adhered to the religion which he had so well loved himself, and in which it had been his happiness to live and die! Would that worshipful assemblage of illustrious phantoms have deemed it possible that so monstrous a perversion of a founder's designs could have been tolerated, in a seat of the so-called liberal arts and sciences!

The archbishop concluded his remarks by observing that in the course of his morning's aerial ramble about Oxford, his attention had been attracted by a monument in progress, resembling in shape one of the market crosses of the old days of faith, which he had discovered was intended to honor the memories of certain doughty dignitaries of the newly established law Church. It puzzled him, he said, mightily, to reconcile the posthumous veneration with which it appeared those "Oxford fathers" were now held in the university, with the fact that in that favored region of the world of spirits to which he had been happy enough to find admittance, he had never encountered any worthies of the name of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer.

A dim grey streak of light now peered into the choir of St. Mary's, bearing so suspicious a resemblance to daybreak, that the congregated ghosts simultaneously vanished into thin air. The atmosphere of the old church remained, however, many hours charged with vapors of obsolete orthodoxy, under the influence of which a regius divine was that very morning,—it happened to be Sunday,—delivered of a sermon of such Popish tendencies, that his mouth was closed by authority for two years.

## MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

### MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

THE institution of Lent has always been considered by the holy Fathers as derived from apostolical tradition, though it was not till the middle of the third century that it was required by a law....During the middle ages, the laity of all ranks devoted this season of the year to retirement and prayer. Thus did Alfred and Robert, and many other kings of England and France. "These are the days which we ought to observe," says St. Bernard, "days full of piety and grace, on which the minds even of wicked men are moved to penitence, for such is the power of the Sacraments administered on these days, that they can rend even hearts of stone, and soften iron breasts." By the statutes of the holy Abbot Adalard, in the year 822, among the days on which all persons belonging to the service of the monastery of Corby were to be exempted from labor, was the first day of Lent, in order that they might have time for renewing their confessions: and the very title of Shrovetide in England, indicates that this practice was general among the people. St. Basil in the fourth century, speaks of Lent as follows:—"There is no church, no continent, no city, no nation, no corner of the earth ever so remote, in which this fast is not proclaimed. Armies, travellers, sailors, merchants, though far from home, everywhere hear the solemn promulgation and receive it with joy. Let no one exclude himself from the number of those who fast, in which all men of every age, of whatever rank and dignity, are comprised. Angels draw up the list of them that fast. Take care then that your angel put down your name: desert not the standard of your religion." During the middle ages we learn how rigidly the Lent was observed, from what St. Bernard says. "I beseech you, dearly beloved, receive with all devotion this Lenten fast, which not only the abstinence commends, but much more the sacrament. How can that be burdensome to us which the universal church bears along with us? Hitherto we used to fast only till nones; now, like ourselves, all kings and princes, clergy and people, nobles and plebians, rich and poor, all fast until vespers. I do not ask what monk, but what christian will not observe this fast devoutly?" Till the twelfth century, the fast of Lent was never broken before the evening, though at other times it was usual to take the meal after nones. Not even water could be drank excepting at the time of the repast. What was saved by fasting was given to the poor. Abstinence from all usual pleasures was also required, but on the Sunday Lactare there was a certain remission of austerity. The custom of marking bread with a cross on certain days is of great antiquity. St. Gregory the Great, says, that it was the custom to sign the penitential bread with a cross, so that it might be divided into four equal parts; and in the time of St. Benedict, the bread of four pounds being thus signed, was divided among four monks. The celebration of Palm Sunday is very ancient, and traced from Palestine, whence it spread through the East, till in the sixth century it was established in the West.—*R. Digby.*

ARAB PROPHECY.—They have a very remarkable prophecy, which promises to the Christians a restoration of all those kingdoms formerly lost to the Turks and Saracens, and there is no part of the Mahometan dominions, extensive as they are, where it is not universally received, in consequence of which, the gates of their cities are carefully shut up every Friday, the day of their congregation, from ten till twelve o'clock in the morning, that being, as they say, the day and the time prefixed for this great catastrophe.

**GOOD WIVES.**—That young lady will make a good wife who does not apologize when you find her at work in the kitchen, but continues at her task till it is finished. When you hear a lady say, "I shall attend church and wear my old bonnet and every-day gown, for I fear we shall have a rain-storm," depend upon it, she will make a good wife. When a daughter remarks, "I would not hire help, for I can assist you to do the work of the kitchen," set it down that she will make somebody a good wife. When you overhear a young lady saying to her father, "Don't purchase a very expensive or showy dress for me, but one that will wear best," you may always be certain that she will make a good wife. When you see a female arise early, get breakfast, and do up her mother's work in season, and then sit down to sew or knit, depend upon it, she will make a good wife. When you see a female anxious to learn a trade, so as to earn something to support herself, and perhaps aged parents, you may be sure she will make one of the best of wives. The best qualities to look after in a wife, are industry, humanity, neatness, gentleness, benevolence and piety. When you find these, there is no danger. You will obtain a treasure, and not regret your choice to the latest period.

**A HOLY BISHOP**, in order to live unknown to all but God, left his bishopric, and secretly went to Jerusalem, dressing himself in the garb of a poor man, and working as a common laborer. But a certain nobleman having found him more than once stretched at night upon the cold ground, fast asleep, and a celestial pillar of fire hovering over him, darting up even into the heavens, took him aside one day, and asked him who he was. He answered that he was a poor man, who lived by his labor, because he had no other means of support. The nobleman was not satisfied with this answer, and besought him so earnestly to tell him the whole truth, that at last the good bishop, having made him promise to keep it a secret as long as he lived, discovered to him who he was, and how he had left his bishopric, in order to avoid the esteem and honor of the world, holding it unworthy of a Christian, who ought always to bear in mind the injuries and sufferings of our blessed Lord, to take pleasure in being honored or esteemed by men.

**WHAT** is this, O my God, that we think to derive from appearing something before creatures, and from pleasing them? What matters it to us, that we be blamed or despised by them, if only we are great and without fault in thy sight? Ah, how is it that we never come to learn this truth, and thus never reach the height of perfection! The saints had no greater subject of joy, than in being unknown to all, and looked down upon by all!—*S. Bernard.*

**I AM** despised and laughed at, and I am offended at it; exactly so are proud people and fools. I am despised and laughed at, and I rejoice at it; so did the apostles. For this is the most profound degree of humility, to take the same delight in humiliations and objections, that vain and wordly people feel at receiving honors; and to feel pain at being honored and esteemed, just as much as they would do at contempts and affronts.—*S. Francis de Sales.*

**S. PHILIP NERI** was never moved by slights or insults to show any grief or dislike. And so clear and evident was this to his friends, that they used to say of him, "As for father Philip, say what you will to him, he is never put out by it." And when one day he was told by a friend, that some people had called him a hypocrite, he smiled at it, and made a joke of it.

**ST. ANTHONY** once hearing great praises bestowed on one of his monks, turned round and spoke in a cutting way to him, in order to try him; and seeing that he took it bitterly to heart, exclaimed, "This good man is like a palace rich and beautiful in appearance, but despoiled within by robbers."

## GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—This magnificent structure, one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in England, was formerly the church of a convent dedicated to St. Peter: the site of the abbey is supposed once to have been occupied by a Roman temple devoted to the worship of Apollo. Sebert, king of the East Saxons, is said to have been the founder of this Westminster, in A. D. 616: it was afterwards destroyed by the Danes in 850, was rebuilt by King Edgar, and afterwards enlarged and beautified by St. Edmund the Confessor, about the year 1050. A great part of the building was taken down by Henry the third, in 1220, when the church was rebuilt in all its present grand and imposing proportions: all of the sovereigns, from the time of William the Conqueror, have been crowned in Westminster Abbey.

It is built in the form of a long cross, the entire length of the interior being three hundred and eighty-three feet, exclusive of Henry the seventh's chapel. This chapel, perhaps the most elaborate and beautiful example of the florid gothic architecture in the world, is attached to the eastern extremity of the main building, and of course, is of much more recent date, and measures 114 feet in length, making the extreme length of the building no less than 530 feet. The whole length of the transepts is about 203 feet, the breadth of the nave, including the aisles, is 72 feet, and the height of the main roof 101 feet, that of the transepts being something higher.

The west or great entrance is surmounted by two towers, built by Sir Christopher Wren, in a style greatly to the disfigurement of the original design; and here we may remark that it was a common occurrence in the erection of gigantic Cathedrals, and ecclesiastical structures, formerly, to leave unfinished, for some future time, the external and non-essential portions of the edifice, whilst no labor or expense was spared in the completion and adornment of the interior, which more especially seemed to minister to the worship and service of God. Thus the tower designed to be placed over the centre of the transepts, has not been raised to this day; whilst those produced by Sir C. Wren, certainly add nothing to the beauty of the whole, or to the fame of that justly esteemed architect; there is no embodiment of that heaven-bound spirit of devotion, which the coldest irresistibly feel to be impressed upon every arch, pillar, or niche of the old structure—the work of the ages of faith:—they are indeed handsome masses of smooth hewn stone, and nothing more.

The roof is supported by fifty delicately worked marble pillars, placed twelve or fourteen feet asunder, surmounted by richly traced capitals, and is inlaid with diamond-shaped marble tablets, the groins and bisections of which, over the choir and transepts, have been gilt, and when fresh and new, must have had a most gorgeous effect. The windows, 94 in number, form an upper and a lower range, which, together with the arches, doorways, and roofs, are in the purest style of pointed Gothic, and are admirably executed. Nothing, indeed, can be finer or more soul-inspiring than the perspective from the high altar, or eastern extremity of the building, down the groined aisle, terminating in the enormous stained glass window over the great western entrance. This window represents in life-size figures, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the twelve patriarchs, Moses and Aaron, together with the coats of arms belonging to King Sebert, St. Edward, Queen Elizabeth, George II, &c. This and all the other windows are of modern date, the most beautiful of which is the large one over the north doorway, put up in 1722, representing our blessed Saviour with the twelve apostles, and the four evangelists.

This noble and venerable temple contains twelve chapels, all of which are remarkable for the monuments they hold in remembrance of some of the most illustrious sovereigns and nobles of the kingdom, who lie buried within their precincts, the two principal ones of which we can here but briefly refer to.

The chapel of Edward the Confessor forms the extremity of the great nave, and is immediately behind the high altar; in the centre of it is the shrine of the Saint,

which was at one time extremely magnificent, and covered with jewels; it is now sadly neglected and defaced. The screen which separates the chapel from the body of the church, is richly sculptured from events in the confessor's life, and placed against it, are the ancient coronation chairs, the one made by order of Edward the first, to hold the famous Scottish Stone, from Scone; upon this memorable stone the Scottish kings had received their crowns from time immemorial down to Robert the first, and there was a tradition amongst the people, that they should remain an independent nation so long as they retained possession of the stone. Hence its value. The other chair was made for the coronation of William and Mary. To the north of the shrine is an ancient tomb of great beauty, the panels being of polished porphyry, surrounded with mosaic work of gold and scarlet; twisted pillars at each corner, gilt and enamelled, support a tablet on which a statue of Henry III is placed, it is of gilded brass, finely executed. Here also are the tombs of Edward I, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VII, Eleanor, queen of Edward I, &c.; and separated by an iron screen lies the magnificent tomb of Henry V, who acquired immortal honor by the battle of Agincourt; the recumbent statue is headless, it is said to have been cast in solid gold, and to have been stolen during the civil wars. Here also is the tomb of Edward III, with an effigy and highly decorated canopy, on it are placed his sword and shield. Beside it are the tombs of his wife, queen Philippa, Richard II, his queen, and many others.

The chapel of Henry VII, is a structure of great elegance, its only rival being that of King's College, Cambridge; it was built by Henry expressly for a mausoleum for himself and descendants. The entrance is from the east end of the abbey within, by a flight of black marble steps, which lead to two curiously wrought brass gates, having a rose and portcullis on every panel. On entering the eye is at once attracted to the roof, which is divided into 16 circles of curious workmanship, and supported by twelve stately pillars, sculptured with figures, fruitage, and other ornaments in the richest manner, the whole being entirely of stone. The knight's stalls are of carved oak, with fine Gothic canopies, over which are suspended the banners of the most illustrious warriors, and produce altogether a very imposing effect. Between the stalls, under a broad marble pavement is the royal vault, where lie the bodies of Henry and his queen, Elizabeth; the tomb over it is very stately, the tablet, upon which lies the effigies of the king and queen, with hands raised to heaven, is supported by Roman arches strikingly different from the pointed arches of the chapel. On either side, are the tombs and monuments of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, and her bitter persecutor, Elizabeth, queen of England: there is an effigy of each in alabaster, protected by iron railings. A vault here also contains the bodies of James I, William III, Anne, and George II.

There are very many other monuments here, all of great interest, of which our space will not permit us to speak. The length of this chapel is ninety-nine feet, the breadth sixty-six, and the height fifty-four.

Soon after Constantine became emperor, marching against Maxentius, in 312, the day before the two armies met, a luminous cross appeared in the heavens, with these words inscribed on it: 'In hoc signo vinces'—'by this sign thou shalt conquer.' Constantine taking a cross for his standard, engaged with his enemy, and was victorious. In consequence of this phenomenon; and the fulfilment of the divine promise, Constantine became a christian, and gave tranquility to the Catholic world.



# HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

**SHERIDAN AND THE LAWYER.**—As Sheridan was going up to London in one of the public coaches to canvass Westminster, at the time that Pauli was his opponent, he found himself in company with two of the electors. In the course of conversation one of them asked the other to whom he meant to give his vote? When his friend replied, "Pauli, certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of fellow, I should vote for any one rather than for that rascal Sheridan."

"Do you know Sheridan?" asked the stranger.

"Not I, Sir," answered the elector, "nor should I wish to know him."

The conversation ended here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other elector, and said, "Pray who is that very agreeable friend of yours? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I should be glad to know his name."

"His name is Mr. T—, an eminent lawyer, who resides in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; and after a short time Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. "It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state; and it gives great scope for the display of talent. Many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T—, who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields." "I am Mr. T—," said the gentleman. "And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply. The jest was instantly seen, they shook hands, and both electors voted for Sheridan.

**HENRY CLAY.**—A few years since, shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favor of this bill, upon returning home to his constituents found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, where he met an old and influential friend of his, named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. This gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows:—"Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles; I am sorry I must now desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill; I must now turn my back upon you." "Is it so, friend Scott? Is this the only objection?" "It is." "We must get over it the best we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a very good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you, when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well, now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it all to pieces on the very next log you came to, or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eyes. The chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint, and tried her again; and I'll try you again; give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rung with the huzzaing plaudits of the bystanders. Clay was borne off to the hustings and re-elected.

**MISTAKEN CIVILITY.**—A gentleman mistaking a very small lady, who was picking her way over a dirty channel, for a very young one, snatched her up in his arms, and landed her in safety on the other side, when she indignantly turned up a face expressive of the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared to take such a liberty! "Oh! I humble beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "I have only one amends to make;" and he caught her up, and placed her where he first found her.

**ON GOOD TERMS WITH DEATH.**—In the southern part of Tonquin, the highest compliment you can pay to a distinguished personage, and the dearest token of esteem for a revered friend, is the present of a coffin. A number of Catholic priests, of native origin, joined in giving a coffin, as a New Year's present, to the Bishop of Laranda, who had instructed them in theology, saying, that he was growing old, and they could never have a more suitable opportunity to offer him that necessary piece of furniture. At the same time, they called his attention to the excellence of the wood, and the beauty of the work. Such is the custom of the country; no person who has reached the age of fifty is without his coffin, which not only stands ready for its prospective use, but serves even now as a table by day and a bed by night.

The children of a family in good circumstances, will combine to offer handsome coffins to their father and mother; and pupils make the same present to a venerated teacher. Death there has no terrors. A young widower, with young children, fell dangerously sick, and the first care of his friends was to borrow a coffin for him. When this was announced to the sufferer, he trembled with joy, and asked to see the borrowed article.

"Now," said he, "let me die, for if I live I shall have to return it, and who knows if I can ever procure another!"

In the same spirit, the friends of a dying person speak in his presence of his approaching end, and of the preparation for his funeral. The Bishop above referred to, says, that one day he visited a catechumen, whose malady, though likely to be prolonged, was sure to end fatally, and found a woman sitting by his bed-side making the mourning clothes for the family. At the door was the carpenter, engaged in making the coffin in sight of the patient, who directed the work with the utmost particularity.

A **MAGISTRATE** in a provincial town in France, had to compliment Louis XIV, and, accordingly, he concocted a long speech, with which he flattered himself the king would be well pleased. On the approach of his majesty, he began his harangue as follows: "Sire! Cæsar and Alexander——" for an instant his memory failed him, the king's majesty having greatly confounded the orator. He commenced again, "Cæsar and Alexander——" again he stopped short, and could proceed no farther; the presence of the king put him in such fear that he could not articulate. Louis XIV, at last said, with benevolence, "Well, Cæsar and Alexander—proceed." "Well, sire, they were fools compared to your majesty." The king laughed heartily, and was highly amused at the profound wisdom of the worthy magistrate.

**LAW vs. JUSTICE.**—A man named John S. Sprague was lately tried in Portland, Me., for bigamy. His marriage to two different wives was clearly proved, and he was on the point of being convicted, when his counsel introduced evidence to prove that he already had one wife when married to the other two, and as the indictment was based upon the assumption that the second marriage was the first and legal marriage, it was contended that as to the last marriages considered by themselves, no bigamy was committed, because Sprague was the legal husband of neither. The Judge sustained this position, the case was quashed, and the man who was charged with having two wives got clear by proving that he had three! Great and wonderful is the law.

**BON MOT.**—A person being seated at table between two tradesmen, and wishing to cast a slur upon them, said, "How prettily I am fixed between two tailors!" On which a gentleman observed, that being beginners, they could not afford to keep more than one *goose* between them.

**LAZINESS** grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.

## CALENDAR OF THE PRINCIPAL SAINTS FOR APRIL.

1. *St. Hugh*—an illustrious bishop of Grenoble, distinguished for his zeal in reforming abuses and correcting the disorders of his time, died in great sanctity in the year 1132.

2. *St. Francis of Paula*—was born of poor parents, who early impressed upon his mind the tenderest sentiments of virtue and religion. While yet a child, he made abstinence, solitude and prayer his delight. He afterwards became the founder of the order of Minims, and was distinguished for the power of working miracles during his life, and for the spirit of prophecy. He died in the year 1508.

3. On this day the Church commemorates several saints: among them *Sts. Agape, Chionia, and Irene*, three sisters, who suffered for the faith in the reign of Dioclesian, in the year 304. *St. Richard*, an illustrious English bishop, is also honored on this day. He was distinguished for his charity, and for his strictness in maintaining discipline among his clergy. No intercession, not even that of the king, could prevail on him to mitigate the rigor of the canons against a priest who had been guilty of any flagrant crime. He died in 1253.

4. *St. Isidore*—one of the most illustrious doctors of the Spanish church, labored with great zeal in restoring discipline and repairing the disorders occasioned by the early spread of the Arian heresy in Spain. He died in 606.

5. *St. Vincent Ferrer*—also a Spanish saint. At an early age he joined the order of St. Dominick, became distinguished for his learning and the many miracles which he wrought. He travelled extensively, and converted thousands by his preaching. He died in 1419.

6. *St. Sixtus I*—was an illustrious pope and martyr, who succeeded St. Alexander about the end of the reign of Trajan. On this day is also honored one hundred and thirty martyrs of Hadiab, in Persia, who suffered during the reign of Sapor, in 345.

7. *St. Aphraates*—an anchorite of the fourth century, who forsook his friends and the honors of his family, and devoted his life to penance and mortification.

8. On this day the Church honors *St. Dionysius*, bishop of Corinth, one of the most eloquent pastors of the Church in the second age.

9. *St. Mary of Egypt*. This great saint spent seventeen years of her early life in every species of wickedness. At length going through curiosity with a number of pilgrims to Jerusalem, she was there converted from her evil course. After this she retired to the desert, where she lived apart from all human beings for a period of 47 years. She was at last discovered by a holy man named Zosimus, to whom she related the particulars of her life. She desired him to meet her on the banks of the Jordan about Easter the following year. Zosimus at the appointed time, repaired to the place of meeting, and towards night as he approached the river, the saint appeared on the opposite bank, and making the sign of the cross walked across on the surface of the water, as if it were dry land. She received from his hand the holy sacrament of the Eucharist; and after asking his prayers and his blessing, returned again to the desert. Zosimus the following year went again to the place where he first discovered her, but found her dead. Assisted as we are told by a lion, he dug a grave, in which he placed her holy remains. She died about the year 421.

10. *St. Bademus*—a holy abbot, who suffered martyrdom for the faith in 376.

11. *St. Leo the Great, Pope*.—This illustrious pontiff succeeded Sixtus III in the chair of St. Peter, about the year 440. He was distinguished by his extraordinary learning, and his great zeal in maintaining the purity of the faith against Manichees, Arians, and other heretics of his time. His happy death took place in 461, having governed the Church twenty-one years.

12. *St. Sabas*—surnamed the Goth, on account of the country of his birth—was a holy martyr, who suffered for the faith, under Athanaric, king of the Goths, in the year 372.

13. *St. Hermenegild*—a Spanish prince, who underwent many persecutions from his brother, a bigoted Arian, on account of his faith, was finally put to death in 586.

14. *Sts. Tiburtius, Valerian, and Maximus*—are three holy martyrs, who suffered about the year 229.

15. *St. Peter Gonzales*.—This saint, who is commonly called St. Telm, or Elm, is distinguished as the patron of mariners. He was a native of Astorga, in Spain. At an early age he joined the order of St. Dominic, and was distinguished for his eloquence and learning.

16. The Church honors among other saints on this day eighteen glorious martyrs of Saragossa in Spain, who suffered in the persecution of Dioclesian in the year 304.

17. *St. Anicetus*—was a holy pope, who succeeded St. Pius in the pontificate and sealed his faith with his blood during the latter part of the second century.

18. *St. Apollonius*—was a Roman Senator. He wrote and delivered to the Roman Senate an eloquent vindication of the Christian religion, which has not reached our time, though it is mentioned by St. Jerome. He was condemned to be beheaded, and suffered about the year 186.

19. *St. Leo IX.*—This illustrious pontiff was born in Alsace, in 1002; his body at his birth was marked with numerous small crosses, which is attributed to the intense meditation of his pious mother on the passion of Christ. He was chosen Bishop of Taul at the early age of 24; was distinguished for his zeal and learning, and finally on the death of Damasus II, was elevated to the pontificate. He died in 1054.

20. *St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano*, in Tuscany.—She had scarcely attained the age of reason when she conceived an extraordinary relish for prayer, and would often spend hours in reciting the Our Father and the Hail Mary. At the age of fifteen she entered the convent for nuns of the order of St. Dominic, and was remarkable for her great austerity. She passed to the reward of a holy life in 1317.

21. *St. Anselm*—Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the most illustrious of the English saints, is honored on this day. He was distinguished for his numerous writings and his great zeal in defence of the rights of the Church.

22. *Sts. Soter and Caius*—two holy popes who suffered martyrdom during the second age. The Church also honors on this day, St. Azades and his companions, martyrs, who were put to death by Sapor II, king of Persia, in the year 341.

23. *St. George*—an illustrious martyr in the reign of Dioclesian, who suffered about the year 303. He was the tutelar saint of the republic of Genoa, and was also chosen as the patron of England by the Norman kings.

24. *St. Fidelis*—born at Sigmaringen in Germany. He was by profession a lawyer, and practiced for some time with great reputation, but finally abandoned the world and entered the order of the Capuchin friars. He preached with great success against the Calvinists, by whom he was murdered near Gruch, a town in the district of Grisons.

25. *St. Mark the Evangelist*.—Having preached the gospel in Lybia and other places, he went to Alexandria, where he fixed his see, and where he finally received the crown of martyrdom in the year 68.

26. *St. Marcellinus*—an illustrious pope and martyr, is honored on this day. He succeeded St. Caius in the pontificate, and suffered in the reign of Dioclesian in 304.

27. *St. Anthimus*—with many other holy martyrs suffered at Nicomedia, during the first years of the reign of Dioclesian.

28. *St. Vitalis*—an illustrious martyr, who suffered at Ravenna in the reign of Nero, about the year 62.

29. *St. Peter*—a holy priest of the order of St. Dominic, distinguished for his eloquence and great zeal against the heretics of his time, and by them he was assassinated in the year 1252.

30. On the last day of April the Church honors the illustrious *St. Catharine of Sienna*, a holy virgin, who died in the year 1380.





## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. *THEOLOGIA DOGMATICA*, quam concinnavit *Franciscus Patricius Kenrick*, Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis. Mechlin: H. Dessain. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have the satisfaction to announce that the first volume of the second edition of the "*Theologia Dogmatica*" of our Most Rev. Archbishop, from the press of Mr. Dessain of Malines, has already reached this country, and is for sale by Messrs. Murphy & Co. It comprises 500 pages octavo, closely printed, in double columns. The paper and print are excellent, and the execution highly creditable. Few typographical errors, none of any importance, are in the work, although the compositor, besides the Latin, had Greek, Hebrew, German, French, Spanish, Italian and English extracts in great number to deal with. This volume contains, besides the three treatises which formed the first volume of the former edition, a very extensive list of the fathers of the Church, and their writings, abridged from the learned Jesuit *Sardagna*, and added to the original work, and the lists of the Popes, Councils, and heresies which were printed at the end of the fourth volume. For the convenience of students it has been deemed important to place them as an appendix to the first, so that they may be consulted at any time from the beginning of the Theological course. Many corrections and additions have been made, and the paragraphs have been subdivided and numbered to aid the student, but the work is substantially the same as when first issued. Besides the letter of the late Pope to the author and a highly laudatory letter from Cardinal Cadolini, a document from the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines appears at the commencement, sanctioning the publication with a complimentary notice. The second volume is already printed, although not yet received, and the third is rapidly passing through the press. As the European publisher has undertaken the work at his own risk, with a guarantee only on the part of Messrs. Murphy & Co. of a number of copies, he counts largely on its circulation in Flanders, France, Italy and Germany, in all which countries it is already favorably esteemed by many of the most learned prelates, who suggested to the author the idea of the present European edition. Its acceptance at home is manifest from the sale of the former edition of 1000 copies. The price being now reduced to little more than half (six dollars instead of ten), and a liberal discount being allowed to those who purchase a number of copies, we anticipate a large demand for a work which treats of the doctrines of the Church with special reference to the errors prevailing around us, and furnishes information in regard to the tenets and discipline of every variety of sects, even the Millerites and Mormons.

2. *THE HISTORY OF IRELAND* from the earliest King of that Realm to its last Chief. By *Thomas Moore*, Esq. Two vols. 8vo. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

To write the history of a country is a labor beset with difficulties, a task that few are adequate to perform. But if this be so in general, it is specially true with regard to Ireland. There is no regular succession of monarchy, no grand centre around which the great events circle; no chief point in the drama to attract the eye of the reader. When Moore set out to write the history of his country, no doubt he contemplated making it a work rivaling *Livy's Rome*, or *Lingard's England*. But he had not proceeded far, when he found that the thread was broken, the materials were wanting. And though the annals of the country are fraught with many individual instances of great interest, yet there is no great chain, which runs through her history, giving an absorbing interest to the whole.

Moore's history, however, is a work of merit, and is an evidence of immense labor and patient research. It commences with the earliest annals of the country, and continues the history to the year 1646. About the early history of Ireland much



controversy has been maintained. There are those, of whom Keating is the most prominent, who embody in their works all the old traditions of the country, all the romantic conceptions of the poets, as grave historical facts. Indeed, Keating commences his history with the days of Adam, and entertains us with a chapter on "The first invasion of Ireland before the flood." On the other hand, we find historians who have discarded entirely the early portion of Ireland's history, and passed it by unnoticed, regarding it as fabulous.

Moore has pursued a middle course between these two extremes. He has labored, and we think successfully, to discriminate between history and legend. The arrangement of the work is clear and methodical; its style is smooth and elegant, partaking somewhat of the poetical warmth and fluency which animated the soul of the author.

3. *SANCTA SOPHIA; or, Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation.* By the Ven. Father *Augustine Baker*. Edited by Father *Senenus Cressy*. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Prayer has been appropriately called the "Science of the Saints." It is the science of all who aspire to the title of children of God, and who look forward with bright anticipation to the crown, which awaits them in the kingdom of his glory; and those who have done most towards the spiritual welfare of their fellow man, are they who have best taught him how to pray. It is a science to be practiced equally by the learned and the illiterate, the aged and the young, the rich and the poor. It belongs not to the cloister alone, but it is heard in the dwellings of those who are called to mingle in the busy scenes of the world. To all them who desire to learn a lesson on a subject of so great importance to man, we commend this excellent treatise of Father Baker. The venerable author was a member of the order of St. Benedict, and long schooled in the science which he professed to teach. The present work is an abridgement of the original one which was prepared during the missionary labors of the author in England, and remained a long time in manuscript before it was published. It has always been held in high estimation by authors on spiritual life. Father Faber has regarded it with special favor, and frequently refers to it in his works. Though it may be read, or rather studied with profit by all, yet for those who have withdrawn from the noise and distractions of the world, it will be a gem of priceless value.

4. *PASTORAL LETTER OF THE DECREES OF THE FIRST PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF CINCINNATI, with Instructions to Pastors and people.* By the Most Rev. *John Baptist Purcell*, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. Cincinnati: John P. Walsh.

We acknowledge the receipt of this excellent pastoral, and heartily commend it to the attentive perusal of our readers, especially to parents, as containing a fund of salutary instructions touching the duties they owe to themselves, their children, and their church.

5. *THE CHARITY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCHES.* Historical Studies upon the Influence of Christian Charity during the First Centuries of our Era, with some considerations touching its bearing upon modern Society. By the Rev. *Stephen Chastel*, of Geneva, Switzerland. Translated by *G. A. Matlie*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A work replete with learning of the best kind, and written, generally, in the best spirit: in other words—it is a work that could fail to make the world wiser and better, if only Christian society were which it might, with a little more good will, easily be. It reflects honor on the author's mind and heart. The translation is hardly worthy of the original, being from the pen of one, apparently not familiar with the English idiom. To the translator we nevertheless offer our hearty thanks. Honor to every man who contributes his share to the cause of charity—to the growth of heavenly love and the spread of the kingdom of God among men. In rendering this book into English, he has contributed no small aid to this noblest of all great works.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WINTER has passed, not the season only, but the winter of commercial desolation. Many are the trials of authorship, whereof Tupper discourseth in his chapter thereon in his *Proverbial Philosophy*, but these are multiplied to infinity when a commercial crisis has caused the Mæcenas publishers to be cautious and indisposed to publish. That time has been: but has passed. The literary intelligence is no more meagre.

FOREIGN.—Abroad we find a new Catholic literary journal, *Le Reveil*, edited by Granier de Cassagnac, highly spoken of as a valuable auxiliary in these days when the press occupies so important a place. A guide for parents and teachers, entitled *Le guide des parents et des instituteurs dans l'éducation de la jeunesse* is a work of a high order of merit, and a devotional work for the clergy entitled *Threni sacerdotales seu pii sacerdotes ad Christum anhelantis gemitus et suspiria* has been received with high eulogiums.

In England Catholic hagiography has received several additions, the *Life of St. Francis Xavier* from Bartoli, and *Maffei*, by a lady of New Hall convent, with a preface by Faber; a *Life of St. Benedict*, by Bishop Ullathorne; the *Life and Miracles* of the same patriarch of monastic orders, translated by the Rev. Henry Formby, from the second book of St. Gregory's Dialogues. Hefele's *Life of the Venerable Cardinal Ximenes*, translated by Dalton, and with these may well be classed the reprint of *The Threefold Conflict maintained unto death by three priests of the English province of the Society of Jesus, the Rev. Fathers Holland, Corbie and Morse, who suffered in 1645*. Capgrave's *Chronicle of England*, that vast repertory of other days, is also reprinted. Later ecclesiastical history is enriched by Cardinal Wiseman's *Recollections of the last four Popes*. The same spirit of veneration for what our fathers revered, has led the Rev. J. N. Sweeny, prior of St. Gregory, at Downside, to propose publishing a series of old English ascetical works, to embrace Barbanson's *Short Treatise, directing Man to his final end* and his *Secret Paths of Divine Love*; *The Divine Cloud of Knowing and Unknowing*; Baker's *Sancta Sophia*, just reprinted here, and Hilton's *Ladder of Perfection*.

Of new works it is only necessary to name Faber's *Foot of the Cross, or the Sorrows of Mary*, his tribute as a member of the third order of Servites; and a new work by Digby, *The Children's Bower, or What you Like*; recalling by its title his last, *The Lover's Seat*.

Aubrey de Vere has rendered a good service by his *Select Specimens of the English Poets from Chaucer to Rogers*, a work which we hope to see reprinted here for the use of our schools and colleges, as a substitute or at least an antidote for those insulting books that have gone on the principle of ignoring Catholics.

AMERICAN.—The revival of trade is less sensible in this country, yet some new works are announced. Messrs. Murphy & Co. have in press Father Faber's new work, *The Foot of the Cross, or, the Sorrows of Mary*. All acquainted with the previous works of this distinguished author, will hail with pleasure this new contribution to our ascetical literature.

Edward Dunigan & Brother have published *Moore's History of Ireland*, the first complete reprint of the work, and *Sancta Sophia*, by Father Baker. They have in press *Neligan's Rome*, and a volume of *Tales and Legends of Italy*, by a clergyman of New York. Cunningham of Philadelphia announces a *Life of St. Margaret of Cortona*, from the Italian of Guadagnoli, and Mr. Shea a new volume of his series of early missionary narratives in French, comprising the *Relation of La Salle's Last Voyage*, written by his brother, M. Cavelier, a priest of St. Sulpice, who accompanied him in that fatal expedition.

*New Catholic Papers*.—We learn with pleasure that a new Catholic weekly paper to be called the "*Guardian*," will shortly be published in Louisville, Kentucky; and another Catholic journal is to be published in San Francisco, California.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

KIND reader, pardon us if our Table presents not its usual variety of entertainment. We had promised ourselves, or rather our patrons, several luxuries for the present month; but alas! we have been disappointed. For this we would feel bound to make a thousand apologies, were it not a penitential season, when the soul expands with the virtues of forbearance and forgiveness. The future at best is deceptive; and those who live in the bright anticipation of coming felicity will be often doomed like ourselves to see the cup dashed to the earth ere it has touched their lips.

Oh fair, illusive Future! Thou sportest with man's fondest anticipations! Thou invitest him to look forward to that happy moment when his labors will be rewarded with an overflowing abundance; when reclining beneath the shades of his own vine, he may regale himself with the fruit thereof, and taste the sweets of the long sought treasure—happiness! But thy promises are vain. The poet has sung well of thee and thy deceptions, when he said:

The fairest scenes beneath the skies,  
The rays of joy that brightest beam,  
When wrapped in fancy's fond disguise,  
More bright and more enchanting seem.

Still to the soul how dull the past,  
With future hours compar'd appears,  
Still Fancy wild, than time more fast,  
Plans her gay map of future years.

To him who longs the bliss to prove  
Which lurks in Fancy's landscape wide  
How slow the hours and minutes move,  
Like bubbles down time's lazy tide.

How lovely, smiling from afar,  
The future joys of life appear,  
Alas! how bitter oft they are,  
When to their presence we draw near.

But laying our speculations on the future aside for the present, let us see what our Table affords.

First, "The Laborer," from the gifted pen of our correspondent *Fidelia*, an excellent production, and fraught with sound and practical lessons of instruction. Labor is the broad seal of health, the secret of happiness, the key to wealth. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," was the severe sentence pronounced against man, as he went forth from that Eden, which had witnessed his happiness, his innocence, and his first transgression. In care and sorrow, amid vexation and affliction, is this sentence being fulfilled by the human race. No one escapes it: no one is exempted from its hard conditions.

But let us see what our poet has to say on this subject; let us read, ponder, and grow better by the practice of his counsels:

### THE LABORER.

My shadow falls about my feet,  
The sun is hot, the weeds are thick;  
And I must toil thro' scorching heat  
All day, be I well or sick.

How cool is now yon fragrant bower,  
Where master with his book reclines!  
And wiles away the lazy hour  
Beneath the shelter of his vines.

For him the purple clusters grow,  
For him to ruddy wine they change,  
That he may set his heart aglow;—  
The providence of God is strange!

Be hushed my soul! nor let one stain  
Of envy in my bosom rest;  
Nor let me of my lot complain,  
For he is just, who knows us best.

Peace dwells beneath my humble roof,  
My sleep is sound 'till morning dawns,  
Unholy things God keeps aloof,  
And shields my doe and all her fawns.

My labor sweetens common food,  
My poverty doth banish fear,  
My hope is in the holy rood,  
Our lasting city is not here!

Then let me cut the weeds away!  
Those too that spring within my heart—  
If I knew all, no doubt I'd say,  
"To each is given the fitting part."

FIDELIA.

From *Adelaide* we acknowledge the receipt of several pieces of poetry, from which we select the following to a friend. Friendship, that bond of our social existence, the cord which binds kindred hearts together, the solace of our moments of affliction, is a theme worthy of the poet:

TO A FRIEND.

Like night-blooming flowers which in darkness and dews  
Expand into beauty and perfume the air  
With odors that startle the senses and throw  
A charm over earth of which day might despair;  
So we who have bloomed in the night of neglect—  
A night long and dark, and whose dew has been tears—  
May shine with a lustre which ever shall gild,  
The gloom with which fate has surrounded our years.  
And as some will remember when daylight returns,  
The fragrance that sweetened their vigils of gloom,  
And treasure forever the flowers that thus,  
In darkness and silence so humbly could bloom,  
So patiently wait, and hereafter when we  
Have perished from earth, like those night-blooming flowers,  
Our mem'ry to some may a talisman prove,  
To lighten the gloom of their desolate hours.

ADELAIDE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is an old saying and a true one, that it is easier to ask questions than to give correct answers; nevertheless, we are disposed to put ourselves to a little trouble for the information of our friends.

1. To the query: Which is the more injurious to the cultivation of literature, poverty or wealth? we can only answer to the best of our humble judgment. That they

are both injurious to the pursuits of literature must be admitted; for one produces anxiety and care; the other leads to indulgence. Sophocles abandoned his business, that he might devote his life to his genius. For this, the luckless poet was brought before the judges by his relations as one fallen into a second childhood. Sophocles appeared before the tribunal without witnesses or advocate, simply bearing in his hand an unfinished tragedy, which he read in open court. At the conclusion of the reading, the judges rose in respect to the poet, and acquitted him of the charge, which they retorted upon his accusers.

The same is related of Abbè Cotin, who in his early days was poor, and exceedingly fond of literature. In after life he had the misfortune to inherit a large fortune. A world of care opened upon him, to which he had been an utter stranger. So amazed was the good abbè at this sudden change, that he resolved to make over his entire estate to one of his friends on the sole condition of obtaining therefrom a maintenance. His relations thinking him deranged for thus parting with his property in his lifetime, brought him into court. The cause was heard, and the good abbè not having a word to say in his own defence, asked permission of the judges to be allowed to read before them a sermon which he had prepared. The good sense, the sound reasoning, and the erudition of the learned abbè were such that the whole bench rose unanimously and declared that they themselves might be considered as madmen, did they condemn a man of letters, who was desirous of escaping from the incumbrance of wealth, which had only tended to interrupt his studies.

Freedom from care is certainly essential to the freedom of genius. Thoughts will never flow freely through a troubled mind, whether this be produced by the distractions of poverty or the cares of riches. Bayle is said to have adopted the following principle: "Neither to fear bad fortune, nor have any desire of a good one." The infidel Gibbon observes of himself: "Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application." The celebrated Spinoza subsisted on a few pence a day; and Linnæus, the great botanist, led a life of hard privations. St. Pierre wrote his "Studies of Nature," in a little garret, and he declares that he enjoyed in that humble abode, the happiest days of his life. Addison also wrote his "Campaign" in a garret. History is full of instances of persons in affluence forsaking their wealth, that they might pursue literature in comparative poverty. This, however, is no argument to prove that poverty, at least in its extreme state, is advantageous to the pursuits of science. Experience shows that when the mind is harassed by the pinchings of want, half its energy is destroyed. The obstacles which wealth presents to the pursuits of literature may easily be removed by the individual, while those which follow in the train of poverty are beyond his control. The former, when properly employed, becomes a powerful auxiliary to the student, the latter, when forced upon him, controls his energies and circumscribes his actions. There is, no doubt, many a great intellect left to wither and die unhonored and unknown in the regions of poverty: many a brilliant mind

"born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

because the incubus of poverty rested upon it.

2. The answer to the second question may be thus briefly stated:

The bond of Catholic unity knitted closely together the people of the several nations of Christendom. The Pope was the common father of all. Deeds of violence and oppression were frequent during the middle ages, for then as now the ungovernable passions of men produced the most disastrous effects. Wars occurred, but they were mere baronial feuds compared to those of later days. On these occasions, it often happened that instead of the sword, the subject of dispute was referred to the arbitration of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose impartiality, love of justice and zeal for the common welfare of Christendom, was universally conceded. "Europe," says

Dr. Lingard, "would have been plunged in perpetual wars had not Pope after Pope labored incessantly for the preservation or restoration of peace; their legates spared neither journey nor fatigue to reconcile the jarring interests of courts and to interpose the olive branch between the swords of contending armies."

The following excellent poem from our esteemed correspondent W. S. G. will be read with pleasure by the lovers of true poetry. While we tender our acknowledgments to the author, we need scarcely add that his contributions shall be ever welcome to our Table:

DIVINE TRUST.

*I will trust in Him, though He slay me.—Jon.*

I.

My heart is life!  
A halcyon wreath surrounds its Protean spell;  
And, as the glow-worm lights the dews,  
So doth my days with radiant hues,  
Their glory tell.  
But will it last—  
This sweet delicious flow of nectarine?  
Will meek-eyed Hope, and gentle Trust,  
And Joy e'er bloom? or will Distrust,  
Her leaf entwine?  
But Time can tell!  
For every pleasure hath a sting, they say,  
And ev'ry rose a thorn doth count;  
And Circean draughts from Marah's fount,  
Brings night on day!

II.

My heart is sad!  
Cimmerain darkness clouds each op'ing day;  
Love's face hath lost its radiant glow,  
And Pleasure lies in ruins low,—  
Bleak is my way!  
E'en Hope is dead!  
That bright auspicious star which lit life up;  
That Elfin power of other years,  
Hath fled from even Pity's tears,—  
Full is my cup!  
Friends too, are gone!  
Who swore to stand my fate beside, fore'er,  
In life's fresh morn. O, Lethæan well!  
That ever blots fond Memory's spell—  
Not one is near!

III.

I see aright!  
My eyes erst blind, beam with a new-born spell;  
Though sorrow's storms around me war—  
Friends prove estranged forevermore—  
All will be well!  
Religion lives!  
Faith is belief—and Charity is Love!  
What though the snares of Earth, and Sin,  
And dark Despair, prove mortal kin!  
God is above!  
He is my hope;  
For He can make "light out of darkness come;"  
And though this casket is but dust,  
If in my God my spirit trust,  
Heaven's my home!

W. S. G.

The third query propounded in the last number, with several others received during the last month, will be answered in our next.

## RECORD OF EVENTS.

*From February 20th, to March 20th, 1858.*

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—From our foreign file we have the following interesting statement of the population of Rome at the close of the year 1857:

In the city of Rome there are 54 parishes, 38 Prelates, 1,351 Priests, 2,931 Professed Religious Men, and 1,936 Religious Women, 936 Seminarists (Students for the Priesthood), 273 Dissenters from the Catholic Church; among which number are to be included the Protestant foreigners, but this is without including the Jews, who have a quarter of their own; there are 38,936 families, and in all a total of 179,952 inhabitants. There is, moreover, during the winter, and until after Easter, a floating population, which the last year amounted to 80,000; these, of course, are strangers and foreign visitors. At the time when the Holy See was, during ancient political troubles, obliged to reside at Avignon, in France, the population of Rome fell to 16,000 citizens. The Romans will, therefore, clearly see the downward career which would be likely to happen to their capital if ever the Holy See should be transferred.

The inexhaustible charity of Pius IX has been again manifested on the occasion of the terrible disasters arising from the earthquakes in the kingdom of Naples.\* The Minister of the Interior has received through Mgr. Ferrari, Archbishop of Sidon, Apostolic Nuncio at Naples, a sum of 3,000 ducats, from His Holiness, for the relief of the sufferers. The *Official Journal of the Two Sicilies* testifies, in very affecting terms, its gratitude for the parental solicitude of the Holy Father, who not only has offered up fervent prayers to Heaven on behalf of the unfortunate people of the provinces of Basilicata and the home principality, but has also assisted the helpless from his private means. The College for the United States is in a fair way of progression; an authorized agent from the Bishops in the United States is in Rome, and it would appear that now the only question is as to the locality to be selected.

Cardinal Fieschi died at Rome on the 6th of February; and subsequently Cardinal Gazoli, and on the 20th of the same month Cardinal Savelli departed this life. These deaths have made the number of vacancies in the Sacred College 12 or 13. The oldest of the Cardinals, is the Cardinal Deacon, His Eminence Vincenzo Macchi, who has reached the advanced age of 88; the youngest is Cardinal Andrea, aged 46.

The marriage of the Count Emilio Massimo, son of the Duke Massimo, to the Princess Teresa, daughter of the Prince Doria, lately took place at the chapel attached to the Doria Palace. After the ceremony the newly married couple in accordance with an ancient practice of the Roman nobility, visited the confession of St. Peter. Arrived in the Basilica, they first knelt before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and after a short time spent in adoration, they proceeded to kiss the foot of the statue of St. Peter, and touch the foot with their foreheads in token of their entire submission; they then knelt in prayer before the altar of the confession, and terminated their visit to the Basilica by praying in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. Immediately afterwards the noble couple were received by the Holy Father at a private audience. His Holiness has conferred upon Count Emilio the title of Duke de Rignano, which is one belonging to the noble house of Massimo. It is pleasing to see thus kept up these ancient usages of the ages of faith.

The feast of St. Anthony, the blessing of the animals, and the feast of the Papal chapel held at the Vatican Basilica, in remembrance of the establishment of the Holy See at Rome in the year 44, took place on the 17th and 18th of January. On the 20th the feast of St. Sebastian was celebrated in the Basilica, built over the spot where the Saint's martyrdom was completed. This church stands on the Palatine hill, where his *quasi* second martyrdom, by arrows, took



place. The festival was also commemorated at the following churches: St. Andrea della Valle, where his body, having been purposely thrown into a sewer, in order that the Christians should not find it, was discovered by Saint Lucina; at the *Quattro coronati*, where is the Saint's head; at Saint Maria in Acquiro, where one of his arms is exposed; at St. Peter-ad-Vincula, where, in 689, the first altar was raised under his invocation; at the church of St. George in Velabro, and at St. Sebastian in the Piazza Paganica—in all these churches the most edifying ceremonies were observed in honor of the memory of this truly Christian soldier. The sixteenth anniversary of the miraculous conversion of the Rev. Father Ratisbonne (formerly a Hebrew), was commemorated in the presence of crowded congregations at the church of St. Andrew *Delle Fratte*, which was beautifully decorated and lighted during the Triduo by the Rev. Fathers of the Minor Friars who serve this church.

It is announced that His Holiness has appointed Mgr. Lucien Bonaparte as one of the Pontifical Prelates.

The Pontifical Government has approved the plan of a French company for continuing the railway from Frascati to the frontiers of Naples; the Roman railway company fully expect to open their line from Rome to Civita Vecchi by the 1st of July next.

SPAIN.—A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* of the 20th of February thus speaks of the condition of things in Spain:—"Another change of Ministers since I wrote last, and a second is reported as about to take place. One might get a few letters ready to finish off in case of being hurried at last, if only politics were the theme, for the tale has been for several months the same—report of a ministerial crisis; report contradicted; report confirmed; then, out goes one set, and in comes another, the new one offering a programme which promises to be all that the last Ministry was; and so, by only remembering the names, we have nothing to do but to believe no change has taken place. The last appointment is that of the Marquis Viluma to the presidency of the Senate, which has just ended the discussion on the address to the throne, and adopted the project of the address by 91 against 16—the minority of 16 formed, it is said, by the two extreme parties, the Progressists and Absolutists. The Commission appointed to carry the reply to the address to the Queen was received very graciously by Her Majesty, and her reply, as 'a mother and as a queen,' reminds me that I ought to amuse your readers by a description of the ceremony on the day of the presentation of the Prince of the Asturias to the Blessed Mother of God. On referring to my notes, I find the account would be too long for me to finish it to-day. I must therefore defer it to next week, for it is much too beautiful to be curtailed."

SARDINIA.—The Turin papers announce the death of Mgr. P. Ravina, Vicar-General administering the diocese in the name of his Grace the Archbishop Fransoni, who has been for some years past in exile, in consequence of upholding the rights of the Church against the pretended liberal government of Count Cavour. This loss (says the *Campanile*) will be a severe blow to the exiled archbishop, who well knew the high qualities of a man to whom he was attached as an intimate and faithful friend.

MALTA.—The foreign papers inform us that Father F. Zappetti, a Jesuit priest, whose sermons gathered large congregations, and who was a very popular preacher in Malta, some time since left Malta for Rome, and returned to Malta on the 2d instant, in the French steamer, but was not permitted to land, the Governor, Sir Wm. Reid, having given to the marine police orders to that effect. Her Majesty's ship Harpy was despatched with him, with orders to land him in Italy. It is alleged as a pretext for this outrage, that the Rev. Father had indulged in language not very favorable to the English government.

GERMANY.—*Catholic Progress*. The *Univers* in a late number thus speaks of the progress of Catholicity in Germany:—"The work of St. Boniface owes its existence to the grand Catholic association, and particularly to Count Joseph de Stolberg. It has for object to give spiritual and material succors to the poor Catholics of Northern Germany, where 160,000 Catholics live amongst some

6,000,000 Protestants. In 1856, a sum of 175,390 thalers (3fr 65c.) was distributed by the society. This amount sufficed to endow thirty-six permanent missions, to establish Catholic schools in thirty-six parishes, and to give fresh life to several missions which were on the point of exhaustion. Amongst the Catholic societies which are generously sustained by Austria, figure—1. "The mission of Central Africa," which is under the superintendence of Mgr. Knoblauch, and has for object the conversion of the Copts. A college with thirty-three pupils exists at Sondan. 2. "The Association of the Immaculate Conception," which was formed last year under the presidency of M. de Hurter; it has for aim to assist poor Catholics spread over the Turkish empire. 3. "The Mechitaristes," which is one of the most flourishing orders of the church, represents Christianity in Armenia and Persia. The influence of these monks is great in the East, and they preserve it by great literary as well as missionary activity. Their central establishment is in Vienna. In addition to these associations figures the "Gesellenverein," established in Cologne, but which has spread over all Germany. In Vienna 4,000 workmen are members of this association, which has for aim the improvement of the working classes. The "Society for the Propagation of Good Books" also gains daily in extension. The "Society of St. Joseph of Arimathea," was established last year in Vienna; it has for object to provide Christian burial for the poor and for strangers.

INDIA.—We abstract the following from a letter addressed to the Very Reverend Pro Vicar Secretary: "The Reverend Father Bonaventura visited, by the order of his superior, the Catholics of Mooltan and Shikarpore. In the former place there were about six-hundred Catholics, and a great number of them are attached to the government service in the army. We regret to say that the artillerymen, though stationed there long ago, have not yet been provided by government with an appointed Catholic chaplain. The Catholics greatly rejoiced on this occasion, and the Rev. Father Bonaventura has been for six days continually engaged in ministering to them the sacraments of Penance, Eucharist, and Baptism. He received into our holy church a Protestant sergeant. The same labor for the priest, and the same joy for the Catholics, was at Shikarpore, where, among other, he baptized one Hindoo orphan. In Sukkur he met with about one hundred Catholics, and there he baptized another Hindoo."

AUSTRIA.—The Correspondent of the *London Standard* gives the following interesting particulars of the late Prince George Francis Lobkowitz, who lately died at Prague: Friday, the 5th of February, was a memorable day for the ancient city of Prague. The entire population seemed to have assembled along the spacious "Graben" to witness the funeral of a man who, for his piety and munificence to the Church, might well be termed the Bohemian Earl of Shrewsbury. This was the late Prince George Francis Lobkowitz. After passing through a diplomatic and military career of great distinction, he retired some years ago from public life to his magnificent palace at Prague, and devoted himself wholly to the practice and service of religion. As a knight of the Teutonic Order he lived an unmarried life of strict celibacy, and nursed the sick himself in the hospitals. Here it was his custom to take down the last wishes of the expiring victims of misery and see them fulfilled. The number of orphans he thus provided for, the affliction he thus mitigated, the tears he thus dried up, is alone recorded in the Book of Life. Towards himself he practiced the severest economy, being content to live in only one apartment of his palace, and restricting his personal expenses, as it is stated, to 600 florins a year. In this manner he was enabled to give away the considerable sums he did in charity. As a proof of his munificence and humility, the following anecdote will suffice. Last autumn, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Prague, Prince Schwarzenburgh, proposed to Prince Lobkowitz an excursion together to Brussels, on a visit to his sister the Duchess d'Arenburgh. Prince Lobkowitz replied that he must first consult his Minister of Finance to see if he could afford to pay the expenses of the excursion. The result was that he declined to set out with the Cardinal-Archbishop because, said he, he had not 300 florins to spare. His Eminence accordingly proceeded to Brussels alone. But on his return to Prague, what was his

surprise to be waited on by Prince Lobkowitz with a donation of 15,000 florins for a new seminary just founded by the Archbishop. One condition, said the Prince, he should attach to this donation—viz., that the name of the donor should remain a secret. To this the Archbishop replied that if the Prince survived him, the secret should not transpire, but that if he survived the Prince he should certainly consider himself free to make it known. The Gray Sisters at Prague owe their convent and revenues entirely to the munificence of Prince George Francis Lobkowitz. It is also worthy of record, as illustrating the truly mediæval spirit of piety which animated this saintly man in times like the present, that he not only gave the money to pay for the above-mentioned convent, but actually worked himself, with his own hands at the building of it. It was but the other day that he was to all appearance in good health, and went to Holy Communion in the Loretto Church on the Krádehín. Scarcely had he received the body of his Redeemer between his lips than he was struck with apoplexy, and died at the altar rails. The death of such a man in such a manner has created, as may well be supposed, a profound sensation in Prague and the entire country. Upwards of thirteen of the noblest families in Austria are placed in mourning by the event. The funeral of the deceased Prince was one of the most imposing ever seen in the streets of Prague, as he was buried with all the honors due to him as a Prince, a Teutonic Knight, and a Colonel in the Austrian service. Besides the military, the entire clergy, secular and regular, with the Cardinal-Archbishop, Prince Schwarzenburgh, at their head, joined in the procession. Near the hearse walked two Teutonic Knights in full costume, followed by all the nobility of Prague. The late Prince George Francis Lobkowitz was in his 58th year. "A prince from head to foot," says Dr. Constantine Höfler, the distinguished Professor of History at the University of Prague, in an eloquent panegyric of the illustrious deceased in a local newspaper, "a true knight of mercy, as cheerful as he was serious, his soul was never accessible to common passions and impulses; he knew but one end in life, to live like a Christian—but one employment, to help the unfortunate and love his neighbor. Thus he lived as he died, and died as he lived—the death of the just, a consolation for his princely friends and relations, a blessing for the lowly, an object of wonder and admiration for all. Truly, so long as the nobility number such men in their bosom, their future is safe amidst every storm. Such is the aristocracy of birth and action, of earthly possessions and the acquisition of heaven."

FRANCE.—The trial of the conspirators to assassinate the Emperor, has been the chief event of importance during the last month. This trial has brought to light many particulars which prove the prisoners to be adepts in the art of crime. The Procureur-General in opening the case, stated that 156 persons had been more or less wounded by the explosion of the shells, and of this number five had been killed. The prisoners have made various statements since their arrest. Orsini himself says that he and Pierri talked of assassinating the Emperor as long ago as the commencement of 1857. The project was communicated to Bernard and to the Englishman Allsop; some overtures are said to have been made to an Italian named Carlotti.

In October, 1857, Gomez having met Orsini and Bernard in a street in London, the former asked him to call upon him at No. 2, Grafton street. "During this visit," says Gomez, "Orsini told him that the Prophet (meaning Mazzini) was losing power, and that all his efforts only ended in getting men shot to no purpose; and then he proposed to him to join in a plan which he (Orsini) had invented, to get up a rising in Italy." From this period they began to consider how to get some shells manufactured to kill the Emperor. Orsini had got a model made in wood by a turner, but being a foreigner it was feared that he would not easily find a manufacturer in England who would make the real shells, and consequently this task was confided to Allsop. Allsop then applied to Mr. Taylor, an engineer at Birmingham. At the dictation of Orsini, Bernard wrote a note containing instructions for Mr. Taylor. This note, dated October 16, 1857, is annexed to the proceedings and the details contained in it correspond exactly with the description already given of the shells that were used on January 14. Four letters written by Allsop were addressed to Taylor to hasten the manufacture of the "models," as they were called. These

letters are dated from Ginger Hotel, where Allsop was staying in London, and bear date the 17th, 19th, 21st, and the 23d of November, 1857. The shells were conveyed into France from England where they were made under the representation that they were a newly invented gas apparatus. The fulminating powder employed for this purpose appears to have been made by Orsini himself, or, at least, with his assistance. He placed this dangerous substance in his carpet-bag, after having wrapped it up in linen and paper, which he damped from time to time. The packages thus wetted weighed about 21 pounds. While in Rue Monthabor he dried his fulminating powder, first by exposing it to the air, and then, as it did not dry fast enough, by placing it near the fire. The prisoners since their apprehension have made no secret of their intention to kill the Emperor in order by means of a revolution in France, to bring about the independence of Italy. They have, moreover, when examined before the judges detailed all the circumstance of the plot, and stand, even upon their own evidence, convicted of the crime of which they are charged. After a patient hearing, they were found guilty of the charges against them by the Assize Court of the Seine, but from this they have appealed, the result of which has not yet transferred. Apart from this trial, there has been little else of importance in political affairs during the last month in the Empire. The Church, however, has sustained a severe loss by the death of Father Ravignon, so distinguished for his leaning and eloquence.

ENGLAND.—The most important event in the political circle, is the resignation of Lord Palmerston. This was occasioned by the defeat of the government on the Conspiracy Bill, which had for its object the expulsion of all political refugees from England. The Earl of Derby has been called to the head of the government, and has succeeded after some delay in forming a new ministry. What the course of this ministry will be, it is difficult to conjecture. It seems not to have given much confidence or satisfaction, judging from the tone of the English journals. Derby is considered as weak and time-serving. Whatever may be his conduct towards other governments, it is believed that he will do all in his power to conciliate the government of France.

The Oath Bill in parliament gave rise to an animated discussion, but without any definite action. The ministry was defeated on the Church Rates Abolition Bill, which was carried to a second reading by a majority of 53 votes: also, the Tenant Right Bill had a first reading in the House of Commons in the early part of February.

Catholicity in England is every day making new progress. Almost every steamer brings accounts of new conversions, or gives some new evidence of our holy faith gaining a more permanent hold in the country. The first profession of an Ursuline Nun in Offero, since the Reformation, took place on the 21st of January last.

IRELAND.—The most interesting and important event of the month, is the trial of Father Conway, and the disagreement of the jury in the case, which is equivalent to an acquittal. It is stated that "there were six Protestants and six Roman Catholics upon the jury. All the former and two of the latter pronounced for a verdict of guilty upon all the counts. One Roman Catholic concurred with them in respect of some of the counts. The Rev. Mr. Conway was not in court when his case terminated, having left the court immediately after the jury retired. The reverend gentleman in doing so manifested the greatest good taste, for instead of leaving in the ordinary way he left by a side passage in order to avoid going into the hall, where there was a dense assemblage of people, being anxious that while the jury were deliberating there should be none of those demonstrations in his favor which the experience of the past week convinced him would result from his appearing in the midst of the crowd that waited to greet him. The enthusiasm of the people was beyond description."

*Important Conversion.*—The Rev. Hubert De Burgh, B. A., of Trinity College, Dublin, was received into the Church by the Very Rev. Father Coffin, at the Redemptorists' Church, Clapham. Mr. De Burgh was formerly Chaplain in the Crimea, and one of the recently-appointed Army Chaplains. He is the son of the Rev. W. De Burgh, D.D., of Dublin, well known as the author of various (Protestant) theological treatises, and Incumbent of the church built several years ago at Sandymount, near Dublin, by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert.

*Prosperity of Ireland.*—The *Dublin University Magazine* thus speaks of the improved condition of Ireland:—The rapid strides Ireland has made in material prosperity since 1851 are well known; it is not so commonly understood that decrease in crime and increase in wealth have in this interval exactly kept pace with each other. Such is the fact. During the years 1845–6–7–8 the percentage of crime to population in England averaged 1,595. In Ireland, during the same year, it averaged 3,274. Thus, the tendency to crime in Ireland ten years ago, was double what it was in England. In the year 1855, however, the proportion between crime and population in the two countries had become nearly equal, as in that year there were only eight criminals more to every 100,000 of population in Ireland than in the neighboring country.

**BELGIUM.**—The correspondent of the *Weekly Register*, under a recent date gives the following account of the present state of things in Belgium:—"The political excitement so recently evoked by the conduct of the Revolutionary party in Belgium appears to be fast subsiding. The Chambers have this week re-assembled; and before a week is past, some light may probably be thrown on the intentions of the Government and the prospects of the Catholic party. Various rumors are abroad. Some assert that the Republican party are pressing measures on the Government of a very inconvenient character, and threatening them with the withdrawal of their support if they do not pursue a very onward course. A Brussels correspondent of the *Patrie* of Bruges, a very vigorous Conservative journal, gives notice of a prematurely discovered plan of M. Rogier, to foment a quarrel between M. Dedecker and the Catholic party, and thus to divide the opposers of his Government. This attempt is not at all unlikely; and if so, the discovery of it will disarm it of its power, and thus do much good. We are glad to know that every day adds to the disappointment of the Government, and to the hopes of the Catholic party. It is more and more evident that a large body of those who, at the late election, were led astray by the plausible theory that politics and religion should be kept distinct, are now determined to proceed no further, and would instantly join the Catholic party if they could perceive any danger to the Church. In a word, the more the principle is becoming understood on which the Government has come into power, the fewer its supporters. It is greatly to be hoped that the Catholic minority in the Chambers is sufficiently large to prevent the attempt on the part of Government to introduce measures of a mischievous character. If this be so, it is the opinion of many of the soundest members of the Catholic party that matters could not be in a better position, as far as the real interests of the Church are concerned."

**SIAM.**—The French Government has recently concluded a treaty with Siam; and, careful of the eternal, as well as the commercial interests of his subjects, the Emperor of the French has secured great advantages in this respect. The treaty guarantees to the French, in the Kingdom of Siam, the right to practice their religion openly, and in full liberty, and build churches wherever it may be agreed on between the French authorities and those of Siam. The French missionaries shall have full liberty to preach and teach, to form churches, establish academies or schools, erect hospitals and other pious edifices, in any part of Siam, in conformity with the laws of the State. They have full liberty to travel in any part of the kingdom, provided they have with them letters of permission from the French Consul, or, in his absence, from their Bishop, the passport to be visited by the Governor or General resident in Bankok.

**CANADA.**—The Provincial Parliament is at present in session, and occupied chiefly in discussion on the speech from the throne. During this discussion Mr. McGee made a most eloquent and able address, reviewing the policy of the government, and dealing in severe terms on the old enemy of civil and religious liberty—Orangeism. The success which has attended the labors of this talented gentleman, since he removed to the Canadian soil, is a subject of much gratification to his friends, and especially to the readers of the *Metropolitan*, which formerly numbered him among its most able contributors.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.—*Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFarland.*—The consecration of the Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland as Bishop of Hartford, took place on Sunday, the 14th of February, at the Cathedral at Providence, Rhode Island. We take the following condensed account of the solemn and impressive ceremonies from the *Providence Journal*:—There were present one archbishop and seven bishops, viz: Archbishop Hughes, of N. York; Bishop Timon, of Buffalo; Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn; Bishop McCloskey, of Albany; Bishop Bailey, of Newark; Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington; Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston; and Bishop Bacon, of Portland. There were also present a large number of priests, among whom we noticed the following: Rev. Messrs. McGeough, Schenectady; Carahan and Herbst, Utica; McLoughlin, Little Falls; Power, Saugerties; Quinn and McCloskey, N. York city; Quinn, Meriden; Kelly, Danbury; Kelly, Norwich; Smith, Mulligan, D.D., Hughes, V. G., William O'Reilly, V. G., Sheridan, Lamb, Glennen, Gaynor, Wallace, LL.D., Synnott, Delaney, Duffy, Gillick, McCabe, sen., O'Brien, and others whose names we did not learn. Amongst the laymen we noticed Dr. O. A. Brownson. The number of spectators gathered upon the occasion was very large, only a small portion of whom were able to get into the church. Crowded as the church was, the congregation was remarkably orderly and quiet, and seemed deeply interested in the entire services, prolonged as they were through four hours.

The archbishop, bishops, bishop elect, and the clergy, assembled at the episcopal residence on Fenner street, and proceeded in procession to the church, entering on High street, chanting on the way.

The procession having reached the church, Archbishop Hughes, as consecrator, was vested in full pontificals. Bishop Timon and Bishop Fitzpatrick as assistants, were attired in rochets, stoles, copes, and mitres. The bishop elect put on the armlet, alb, cincture, and stole, crossed upon his breast as a priest, and then took the cope. Rev. Mr. Brennan of New York, notary to the bishop elect, read the apostolic commission, which he did with great elegance and propriety. The reading of the bull having been finished, the Archbishop said "Thanks be to God!" The bishop elect then knelt and read the usual oath.

Of all the succeeding ceremonies, the most impressive was the prostration of the bishop elect upon the floor of the sanctuary. It is designed to be emblematic of the interior humiliation of the soul in presence of the infinite majesty of God, and of the prostration of the Saviour in the garden. The prayer and benediction which the Archbishop, towards the end of the litanies, pronounced thrice over the bishop elect, who still remained prostrate, was one of those grand and touching rites whose effect cannot be easily described.

Dr. McFarland was born in Chambersburg, Franklin county, Pa., in 1819. He pursued his collegiate and theological studies at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and was ordained Priest in May, 1845. During the year following his ordination he occupied a professorial chair in St. John's college, Fordham. At the end of that time he entered upon the mission in Western New York, where he labored zealously and successfully during some four years. Early in 1852 he was appointed pastor of St. John's church, Utica, a position which he adorned with his conspicuous ability, and which he has unwillingly left for a higher sphere of action.

2. DIOCESE OF CHARLESTON.—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch.*—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch, as Bishop of Charleston, took place on Sunday the 14th of February, in the Cathedral at Charleston. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore officiated as consecrator, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishops of Mobile, Nashville and Savannah. The Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon on the occasion. We will be pleased to give the particulars of the interesting ceremonies in the next number.

3. DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.—The Right Rev. Bishop Timon lately visited the Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, Niagara county, New York, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to several persons, and preached on the occasion. He also confirmed 40 children at the little chapel attached to the orphanage of Limestone Hill; and on the same occasion received the religious profession of two of the sisters in charge of the orphanage.

We are pleased to learn from the *Buffalo Aurora* that the malicious suit brought by a few rebellious trustees, illegally chosen, and representing not over one-tenth of St. Peter's congregation of Rochester, has been decided against the applicants. The court pronounced that Bishop Timon was the legal owner of the church, and the vestrymen elected by the majority the true and lawful board of vestry.

4. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—Charles J. Schrader, a student of St. Charles' Seminary, who received tonsure and minor orders in December last, was lately raised to the dignity of the Priesthood, by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann.

*Confirmation.*—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to sixty-four persons in Holy Trinity church, Philadelphia, on Sunday last.

*Religious Reception.*—The following ladies received the Habit in the Convent of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of the diocese, on the 4th day of March: Miss Mary Power, New York—in Religion, Sister Mary of St. Ann; Miss Ann McMullen, Brooklyn—Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Catharine Murry, Philadelphia—Sister Mary of St. Ignatius; Miss Bridget Whitehead—Sister Mary Patrick.

5 DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—*Extensive grants of land to the Church.*—It will be a source of much gratification to Catholics generally to learn that by a late decision of the U. S. Land Commissioners in California, that the Church has been confirmed in her title to a large amount of land in that State. This land includes all the old Mission buildings, with the lots on which they stand, and their gardens and cemeteries. The names of the Missions are as follows: San Fernando, Santa Barbara, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Inez, San Gabriel, La Purissima, San Luis Rey, San Luis Obispo, San Buenaventura, San Antonio, San Miguel, Carmel, La Soledad, San Francisco, San Juan Bautista, Solano, San Rafael.

In addition to the Mission buildings and lots of these places, there are two large ranches, one of twenty thousand acres in Santa Barbara county, and one of four thousand four hundred and thirty-eight acres in San Luis Obispo co.

6. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—*Religious Reception.*—The following young ladies recently took the veil in the Church of St. Mary's, in Pittsburg: Sister Mary



Ambrose (Miss Mary Curran), Sister Mary Achion (Miss Maria Clarke), Sister Mary Appolonia (Miss Joanita Leahy), Sister Mary Sebastian (Miss Sarah Gillespie), Sister Mary Eulalie (Miss Felecia Deham), Sister Mary Cyril (Miss Mary Clarke), Sister Mary Nolasco (Miss Amelia Kratzer).

The following reception took place some time since at the Convent of Mercy, St. Xavier's, Westmoreland county: Sister Flavia (Maria Byrne), and Sister Mary Berchmans (Sarah Hostetter), made their solemn profession. Sister Mary Ignatius (Ellen O'Donnell), received the white veil on the same occasion.

7. DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.—*Catholic Female Academy and Church destroyed by fire.*—We are informed, says the *Louisville Journal*, that on Saturday morning, February 20th, about four o'clock, the Loretto Female Academy, situated on the line of the railroad between New Haven and Lebanon, Kentucky, and about twelve miles from the latter place, was destroyed by fire, together with the church, the clothing of the Sisters and scholars, and the furniture. In fact, nothing was saved. Happening so early in the morning, it is strange that no lives were lost, but we are happy to state all escaped without personal injury. The loss will not fall short of \$30,000, with no insurance. Besides this, one of the most valuable libraries in the State was destroyed, some of the volumes of which cannot be replaced perhaps. The fire was purely accidental.

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OBITUARY.—*Death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loras.* It is with feelings of profound regret that we record the death of the Right Rev. Dr. LORAS, Bishop of Dubuque. This melancholy event took place on the morning of 19th Feb. The deceased prelate had several severe attacks of sickness within the two months previous to his death, but his last illness seemed to have been paralysis. The evening before his death he had retired to his room about eight o'clock, in his usual health, and in a few hours after he was found in an insensible condition on the floor, by the Rev. Father McCabe, who had been attracted to his room by the moaning of the deceased. Every possible assistance was rendered but without effect; he continued to sink until the following morning, when he calmly expired.

"No sooner was the death of the venerable prelate announced," says the *Western Star*, "than crowds of sorrowing people thronged his house, anxious to pay their last sad tribute of respect to departed worth;—young and old, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, seemed equally anxious to testify their respect for their father, friend, and benefactor. We think we state correctly, when we estimate that nine-tenths of the entire population of Dubuque, besides hundreds who live in the country, visited his remains during the two days he laid in state in the old cathedral, and certainly the manifestation there exhibited was most edifying." The body of the sainted bishop was deposited inside the sanctuary and in front of the altar of the new cathedral which he had the happiness of seeing dedicated before his death. The deceased was born at Lyons, France, July, 1792, died February 19, 1858, aged 66 years. Of the virtues and the apostolic labors of the venerable deceased, we have not room to speak at present. We hope to be able at no distant day to give a detailed sketch of the life and labors of the lamented prelate.

Died, recently at McSherrystown, Pa., Sister CLOTILDA, in the 20th year of her age.—Also, on the 14th of March, at Mount Hope, in our own city, Sister MARY CATHARINE (Catharine McGrath). *May they rest in peace.*

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